

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1864.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF THE SIGNERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN we speak of "*the Signers*," an American no more needs to be told whom we mean, than a Christian does when we speak of "*the Book*."

The baptism of blood that now wets the brow of the nation comprehends a twofold purpose—the atonement for giant wrong, and the resurrection of the sentiment of nationality.

Can we contribute to the latter better than by inviting our readers to look upon that noble group—"the Signers"—and to study the history of the men who once pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor upon the altar of our National independence?

For a series of years prior to the breaking out of the Revolution, the commercial and governmental policy of Great Britain toward her North American colonies had been such as to create disquietude in the minds of the people. Without any bond of union among themselves, and even unconscious of the magnitude of their strength, united, the colonies quietly submitted to the exactions of the mother Government, but with constantly-increasing discontent. The old French and Indian wars awoke the martial spirit of the people, increased their military resources, gave them experienced officers, and, what was still more important, led to a confederation *in feeling and fact*, if not in form.

The "Stamp Act" in 1765, imposing stamp duties on almost every species of commercial paper "throughout the colonies and plantations in America," intensified this discontent; and, followed as it was by other oppressive acts, finally kindled it into a flame. The injustice of taxation without representation was discussed in popular assemblies, till it became the rallying watchword of the people in all the

colonies. Remonstrances, petitions, and other means were resorted to without effect. It was not till 1774 that a general Congress was invoked. It assembled on the 5th of September in Philadelphia. This Congress directed its energies toward a peaceful solution of the perplexing questions of the day. Its appeals to the king, the Parliament, and the people of Great Britain were without effect.

In May, 1775, a new Congress assembled. The great question of the day was rapidly assuming a new phase. The bloody scenes of Lexington and Concord had been enacted; the public mind was in a ferment; Washington was appointed to the command of the armies of the Provisional Government. Yet, Congress and the people desired reconciliation, if it could be had with safety and without dishonor. In the mean time the battle of Bunker Hill was fought; Bristol, R. I., was cannonaded; British cruisers hovered along the coast and destroyed the commerce of the colonies; Esopus, on the Hudson River, was burned; Norfolk, Va., was cannonaded and reduced to ashes; and the most formidable military preparations threatened the colonies with entire subjugation.

The ball for *independence* was opened in June, 1776, by a resolution offered by Richard Henry Lee, declaring all allegiance to Great Britain at an end. A committee to draft a declaration of independence was appointed, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. The Declaration was reported on the 28th inst., and taken up for final action July 1st; and on the ever-memorable FOURTH OF JULY, 1776, the Declaration was passed and signed by the delegates of the thirteen colonies, which now became a confederation of independent States.

Thus far have we sketched the events, preliminary, that led to the declaration of inde-

pendence. In giving a brief sketch of the individual signers, we shall group them in connection with the colonies they represented.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

**JOHN HANCOCK** was the son of a clergyman, and was born near Quincy, in 1737. He was left an orphan in his infancy, and was adopted by an uncle, a wealthy merchant in Boston. At the age of 17 he graduated from Harvard and entered the counting-room of his uncle as a clerk. Here he displayed unusual business abilities, and was intrusted with the largest responsibilities. In 1763 his uncle died, leaving to him a princely fortune. He soon after retired from business; and when the troubles with the mother country commenced, he ardently devoted himself to the cause of freedom. He soon became a popular leader, and was active in all the early commotions that rocked "the cradle of liberty." He was elected a delegate to the first Continental Congress in 1774, and again to that of 1775; and of the latter was made President, as the successor of Peyton Randolph. The Declaration of Independence was first sent forth with his signature, as President, alone. The boldness of the hand with which it is written has ever attracted attention. In 1777 he resigned the office of President of Congress, in consequence of his poor health. He was the first Governor of Massachusetts, and, with the exception of two years in which he declined the office, continued to be re-elected till his death, in 1793.

**JOHN ADAMS** was born in Quincy, Oct. 30, 1735. He was a lineal descendant, in the fourth generation, from Henry Adams, who left England to escape from the persecutions incited by Archbishop Laud in the reign of Charles I. On his mother's side he was descended from John Alden, who came over in the Mayflower. His early schooling was had in his native village; and at the age of twenty he graduated from Harvard University. He commenced the practice of law in 1758, and in a few years acquired a good reputation and a large practice. His political papers, called forth by the Stamp Act, attracted universal attention, and did much toward fixing the public opinion. In 1766 he removed to Boston, and thenceforth became associated with Hancock, Otis, and other champions in the cause of freedom. He was a member of the Continental Congress in 1774, and in 1776 was on the committee to draft the "Declaration of Independence," and was one of its boldest and most eloquent defenders. In 1777 he was sent as special commissioner to France, in connection with Franklin; in 1780

was commissioner to Holland; and in 1781 was associated with Franklin, Jay, and Laurens, as commissioner to conclude treaties with the European powers. He was the first commissioner to sign the treaty of peace with Great Britain, and was subsequently the first Minister of the United States to that court. In 1788 he was made first Vice-President of the United States, under Washington, and was re-elected to the same office in 1792; and in 1796 succeeded Washington as President. He died July 4, 1826—on the same day with Thomas Jefferson. His last words were, "Independence forever!"

**SAMUEL ADAMS**, born in Boston, Sept. 22, 1722, died Oct. 3, 1803, was also of Pilgrim descent. His father was a man of wealth, and the son graduated from Harvard at the age of 18. In 1765, in the General Assembly of Massachusetts, he became the leader of the opposition to the royal Governor. With his pen and his tongue he contributed largely to the consolidation of the people against the encroachments of the British Government. When Gov. Gage was asked why Mr. Adams had not been silenced by office, his reply was, "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he can never be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." And in the proclamation of pardon, the Governor excepted Samuel Adams and John Hancock. After retiring from Congress he occupied various offices in his native State, of which he was also Governor several years.

**ROBERT TREAT PAINE** was also a native of Boston, and his father was a clergyman. He was born in 1731. After graduating at Harvard in 1749, he studied law. He espoused the popular cause early, and was one of its ablest advocates. After retiring from Congress in 1777, he was chosen Attorney-General of Massachusetts, and held the office till appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. This office he filled till 1804, when he resigned. He died in 1814.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**JOSIAH BARTLETT**, born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1729, was a practicing physician at Kingston, N. H., and became an influential member of the Legislature. He was a stern republican, and all efforts to bribe him were unavailing. He retired from Congress in 1778 on account of his private affairs; and subsequently became first Governor of the State, and then a Judge of the Supreme Court. He died in 1795.

**WILLIAM WHIPPLE**, born in Kittery, Me., in 1730, followed the sea till he reached the age of 29; but after that entered into mercantile business in Portsmouth, N. H. He left Congress in 1777, having been appointed a Brigadier-Gen-

eral. He was with Gates at the capture of Burgoyne. In 1782 he was appointed a Judge in the Superior Court of New Hampshire, and died of heart disease in 1785.

MATTHEW THORNTON was a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1714. His father brought him to this country when he was yet a child. He entered the medical profession in Londonderry, N. H., and soon rose to great eminence. On the abdication of Gov. Wentworth, he was elected President of the Provisional Government of New Hampshire. He was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of his State in 1776, and resigned the office in 1782. In 1776 and 1778 he represented New Hampshire in Congress. He died June 24, 1803.

## RHODE ISLAND.

ELBRIDGE GERRY was born in Marblehead, Mass., July 17, 1744. His father was a merchant, and the son was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1762. He afterward engaged in commercial business, and amassed a fortune. He was a bold and energetic leader. As a member of Congress his commercial knowledge and ability were of eminent service to the cause. He finally retired from Congress in 1785, and settled in Cambridge. In 1811 he was elected Vice-President of the United States; and died suddenly in Washington City, Nov. 23, 1814.

STEPHEN HOPKINS, born in Providence, R. I., March 7, 1707, died July 19, 1785, was endowed with a vigorous intellect, and was really self-made. In early life he was a farmer, but afterward engaged in mercantile pursuits. His mother was the daughter of an eminent Baptist preacher; but his first wife was a member of the Society of Friends, and he became attached to their Meeting. From 1732 to 1751, nearly every year he was a member of the General Assembly, and during most of the time Speaker of the House. In 1751 he was chosen Chief Justice, and in 1756 Governor, in which office he was continued till 1767. In 1774 he was Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and member of Congress.

WILLIAM ELLERY, born in Newport, Dec. 22, 1727, was educated with care by his father, and graduated from Harvard. He soon after commenced the practice of law, in which profession he soon rose to eminence and acquired a fortune. After serving in the Continental Congress he was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and was also one of the Commissioners of Peace in 1784. In 1788 he was appointed collector for the port of Newport, which office he held till 1820, when he died suddenly.

## CONNECTICUT.

ROGER SHERMAN, born in Newton, Mass., April 19, 1721, died in New Haven, July 23, 1793, was one of the most remarkable men of his age. He was only 19 when his father died, and the support of a large family devolved upon him. They removed to New Milford, Conn., where he first worked at the shoemaker's trade, and afterward engaged in mercantile pursuits. All his leisure hours were devoted to study, and he acquired a large stock of knowledge. At the age of 33 he was admitted to the bar, and soon after engaged in political life. He occupied several offices in the State, was a member of the Continental Congress during the war, and afterward represented his State successively as Representative and Senator, which latter office he filled at the time of his death.

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, born in Windham, Conn., July 2, 1732, died in Norwich, Jan. 5, 1796, studied law with *borrowed books*. He came into notice as a patriot in 1764, rose to be Judge in the Superior Court in 1774, was a delegate to Congress in 1775, and President of that body in 1779. He continued to occupy the bench till 1786; from which time to his death, in 1796, he was Governor of the State.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, born in Lebanon, Conn., April 18, 1731, died Aug. 2, 1811, graduated from Harvard in 1751. He engaged in mercantile business in his native town, of which he was town-clerk nearly fifty years, and for forty-five years represented it in the Assembly.

OLIVER WOLCOTT, born in Windsor, Nov. 26, 1726, died Dec. 1, 1797, was descended from an old and distinguished family. He graduated from Yale at the age of 17, entered the military service against the French and Indians the same year, and gradually rose from captain to major-general. He alternately served his country in Congress and in military operations during the War of the Revolution. From 1786 to 1796 he was Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and succeeded Huntington as Governor.

## NEW YORK.

WILLIAM FLOYD, born on Long Island, Dec. 17, 1734, died Aug. 4, 1821, was of Welsh ancestors, and inherited a large estate. Mr. Floyd was emphatically a *business man*, and his large abilities in that line, as well as his ample fortune, were unsparingly devoted to the Republic.

PHILIP LIVINGSTON, born in Albany, Jan. 15, 1716, was of Scotch descent. His father was the proprietor of a large tract in Columbia county, N. Y., known as "the Livingston Manor," and to the heirship of which Philip suc-

ceeded. He graduated at Yale, and then entered upon commercial business in the city of New York. He died July 12, 1778.

FRANCIS LEWIS was a native of Wales, where he was born in 1713. At the age of 21 he embarked, with his means, for New York, where he engaged in business with success. In the French and Indian war he rendered such distinguished service that the British Government gave him 5,000 acres of land. He was a member of Congress up to 1778, when he retired from public life. His property on Long Island was wasted and destroyed by the British soldiers and Tories, and his wife seized and confined in a close prison, from the effects of which she soon after died. Mr. Lewis died Dec. 30, 1803.

LEWIS MORRIS, as the oldest son, inherited the manorial estate of his father. He was a native of Westchester county, where he was born in 1726. He graduated from Yale at the age of 20, and then entered upon the management of his large estate. For the sake of his country he hazarded life and fortune. His three sons served in the army with distinction, and he, after retiring from Congress in 1777, devoted himself mainly to the military service. He died in 1798.

#### NEW JERSEY.

RICHARD STOCKTON was born upon the Stockton manor in Princeton, N. J., Oct. 1, 1730, graduated from the College of New Jersey at the age of 18, and then studied law. He speedily rose to eminence, and was honored in England as well as in America. In 1776, when the British were pursuing Washington through New Jersey, he hastened home to remove his family to a place of safety. His retreat was betrayed by a Tory, and he was captured, and for a long time treated with great severity, on account of his being one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. When finally released his constitution was completely broken, and he also found his estates wasted and ruined by the vandalism of the British army. Death came to his release Feb. 28, 1781.

JOHN WITHERSPOON was a lineal descendant of John Knox, the great reformer. He had already attained great eminence as a minister in the Scottish Church, when, in 1766, he was invited to the presidency of the New Jersey College. His wisdom and patriotism made him prominent among the actors in the Revolution. He served in Congress from 1776 to 1782, and died Nov. 10, 1794.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON was born in Philadelphia in 1737. At the age of 14 his father died, and upon him devolved the care of a large family. His mother conducted his early education,

and he subsequently graduated from the College of Philadelphia. He became distinguished as a poet and a wit, and also for his superior talents. He died in 1791.

JOHN HART was a New Jersey farmer. He was a member of the Colonial Congress in New York city in 1765, and of the first Continental Congress in 1774. When the British Hessians marched through New Jersey his estate was laid waste, and himself and family hunted from place to place. He died in 1780.

ABRAHAM CLARK, born at Elizabethtown, Feb. 15, 1726, represented the State in Congress from 1776 till the close of the war. Under the Federal Constitution he represented it from 1788 till 1794, when he died.

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

ROBERT MORRIS was a native of England, but came to this country at the age of 13, and was left an orphan two years later. He was emphatically self-made. First a clerk; then in 1754, at the age of 21, he formed a business partnership, and gradually rose till he became one of the most extensive and wealthy merchants of Philadelphia. Though he knew his business would be imperiled, he did not hesitate to lead in the strongest measures in opposition to the Stamp and Tea Acts; and when blood was shed upon the field of Lexington, he no longer hesitated to devote himself to the public weal. His confidence in the success of the cause was unbounded, and never wavered in the darkest periods. His great service to the country was in the management of its finances, and he was, in fact, "the financier of the Revolution." He made loans to the Government, and even borrowed money for it on his own responsibility, when its credit was entirely gone. Be it ever recorded that the final campaign, which closed with the capture of Cornwallis, was sustained *on the individual credit of Robert Morris*. He died May 8, 1806.

BENJAMIN RUSH, at 6 years of age, was left an orphan by the death of his father in 1751. His mother sold her little farm, moved to Philadelphia, and commenced some commercial business in order to educate her son. He graduated from Princeton College at the age of 16, and then selected the medical profession. In 1766 he went to England, and received the title of "Doctor of Medicine" at Edinburgh. On his return home he immediately espoused the patriot cause, and his elegant and powerful pen contributed not a little to rouse the people to action. When some of the Pennsylvania delegates refused to vote for independence, and withdrew from Congress, Dr. Rush



was appointed to fill one of the vacancies, and affixed his signature to that instrument. He afterward served as physician-general of the military hospitals. He attained eminent distinction in his profession, and died in 1813.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 17, 1706. A poor boy, he learned the printer's trade of his brother. At the age of 17 he landed in Philadelphia, alone and friendless, with a single dollar in his pocket. Here he worked as a journeyman for some time. Gov. Keith, of Delaware, advised him to start business for himself, and he went to England to get materials. But the Governor's patronage proved worthless, and he was there obliged to work for his daily bread. His ability as a thinker and writer won for him friends, but at the same time exposed him to infidel associations, and for a time he imbibed their notions—a circumstance much regretted by him in after-life. He finally had the opportunity of returning to America in the capacity of a clerk, and again entered the service of his old employer. He soon after began business for himself, performing an almost incredible amount of labor in order to get fairly started. His first grand success was "Poor Richard's Almanac"—commenced in 1732 and continued to 1857. It became the standard almanac of all the colonies, was largely circulated in England, and was translated into several of the continental languages. His newspaper also became exceedingly popular, and the essays written by him on popular topics were sought and read with great avidity. In 1757 he was sent to London as agent of the colony of Pennsylvania, and remained there five years, rendering distinguished service. In 1764 he was returned, and was made agent for many of the colonies. After having voted for independence he was sent to France, where he was intrusted with the largest powers, and rendered service of incalculable advantage to his country. He was not permitted to return home till 1785, when he was received with acclamation. He died April 17, 1790.

JOHN MORRIS was of Swedish ancestry, but a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1724. He had risen from one station to another, till he reached the bench of the Supreme Court of the province, when he was delegated to the Congress of 1774. He died in April, 1777.

GEORGE CLYMER was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1739. As the fruits of commercial enterprise, and by the death of a wealthy uncle, he became possessed of a large fortune, which, with himself, he devoted to his country. When some of the Pennsylvania delegates proved recalcitrant in 1776, Mr. Clymer was one of those

sent to fill the vacancies, and joyfully attached his name to the immortal Declaration. Mr. Clymer was also associated with Robert Morris in all his schemes for the financial relief of the Government. He died Jan. 24, 1813.

JAMES SMITH was born in Ireland, but brought to this country when a child by his parents. As early as 1774 he boldly advocated independence. He died July 11, 1806.

GEORGE TAYLOR was also an Irishman by birth, and came to this country in 1736, when he was about 20 years of age. He was well educated, but poor. He died Feb. 23, 1781.

JAMES WILSON was born and educated in Scotland, but emigrated in 1776 to Pennsylvania, being then 24 years old. In 1788 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court by Washington, which office he occupied at the time of his death, Aug. 28, 1798.

GEORGE ROSS was born at New Castle, Del., in 1750. He died in 1780.

#### DELAWARE.

CÆSAR RODNEY swayed a very large influence in his native State—Delaware—and contributed not a little to its distinct position on the subject of National independence. He was at the same time a member of Congress and a Brigadier-General in the Continental forces. Unceasing activity wore out his constitution, and he died early in the year 1783, aged 52.

GEORGE READ was a native of Maryland. He was admitted to the bar in 1753, and settled in New Castle, Del., being then only 19 years of age. In 1774, 1775, and 1776 he represented the State in Congress. Under the Federal Constitution he was United States Senator six years, and then was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Delaware. He died 1798.

THOMAS M'KEAN was educated in the same school with the foregoing, and, like him, settled in the practice of law at New Castle before he was 21 years of age. When only 22 he was appointed Attorney-General of the province, and thenceforward was constantly occupied with offices of influence. He was in Congress from 1774 to 1783, and during a portion of that time held also a military command under Washington. After the war he was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania twenty years, and then Governor of the State nine years. He died June 24, 1817, in the 84th year of his age.

#### MARYLAND.

SAMUEL CHASE commenced the practice of law at Annapolis in 1761, being then only 20 years of age. From 1774 to 1778 he was an active member of Congress, when his private af-

fairs compelled him to return to his profession. He afterward became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maryland, and in 1796 one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. He died June 19, 1811.

THOMAS STONE was in Congress from 1774 to 1778. He died at Port Tobacco, Oct. 5, 1787.

WILLIAM PACA was a native of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and was born in 1740. He graduated from the College of Philadelphia, and was the fellow-student at law of Mr. Chase. He served in Congress from 1774 to 1778, being an earnest advocate for independence. He was then appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maryland. Under the Federal Constitution he was made Judge of the District, which office he held till his death in 1799.

CHARLES CARROLL inherited a large estate in Carrollton, Md., where he was born in 1737. He was educated in France and England, and returned to this country in 1765, just in season to participate in the first popular impulse in opposition to British tyranny. At first he was in *advance* of the people of his State in regard to independence; but in 1776 all restrictions were removed from the delegates, and Charles Carroll took his seat in Congress to subscribe his name to the immortal Declaration. He continued in Congress till 1788, and then became United States Senator. He finally retired from public life in 1801. He died in Baltimore, Nov. 14, 1832, being "the last survivor" of the Signers.

#### VIRGINIA.

GEORGE WYTHE, born in Elizabeth county in 1726, was a lawyer of eminence. After the war he settled in Richmond, where he suddenly died June 8, 1800, from the effects of poison, administered, as was supposed, by a relative.

RICHARD HENRY LEE was from one of the noblest families of Virginia—noble in the true sense of that word. He was educated in England, but early adopted republican sentiments. He served in Congress from 1774 to 1779; was again a delegate and President of Congress in 1783, and, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, represented Virginia in the U. S. Senate, till the infirmities of age compelled him to retire. His death occurred June 19, 1794.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Albermarle county, Va., April 13, 1743. Being the oldest son, he inherited the family estate, named Monticello, upon the death of his father. In 1765, while yet a student with George Wythe, he heard the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry against the Stamp Act. His soul was fired, and forthwith all his energies were consecrated to the freedom of his country. In 1775 and 1776 he

was in Congress; and, though the youngest member of the committee, was appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. He was Vice-President of the United States from 1796 to 1800, and President from 1800 to 1808. He died July 4, 1826. His last words were, "I resign myself to God, and my child to my country."

BENJAMIN HARRISON was a native of Virginia. He was a member of Congress from 1774 to 1777, voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was Governor of the State two terms, and held various other offices, and had been just elected to a third term in 1791, when death suddenly ended his career.

THOMAS NELSON, JR., was born at Yorktown, Va., Dec. 26, 1738. At the siege of Yorktown he bombarded his own fine mansion, which was occupied by British officers. Within a month after this declining health compelled him to retire from public life, and he died soon after.

FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE was a younger brother of Richard Henry Lee, and was born in Westmoreland county, Va., Oct. 14, 1734. He entered Congress in 1775, and remained till 1779, when he retired from public life. He died in 1797.

CARTER BEXTON was a native of King and Queen's county, Va., and was born Sept. 10, 1736. He was educated at William and Mary College. He died from paralysis, Oct. 10, 1797.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

WILLIAM HOOPER was born in Boston, Mass., June 17, 1742, and graduated at Harvard in 1760 with distinguished honor. In 1767 he commenced the practice of law in North Carolina. His death occurred in 1790.

JOSEPH HEWES was a native of New Jersey, but his parents were from Connecticut. He was educated at Princeton, and, engaging in commercial business soon, amassed a fortune. He died Oct. 29, 1779.

JOHN PENN was born in Virginia, May 17, 1741. He was a lawyer by profession, moved into North Carolina in 1774, and the next year was delegated to Congress. He died in 1788.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

EDWARD RUTLEDGE was born in Charleston in 1749, of Irish parents. He was well educated, and commenced the practice of law in his native city in 1773. The very next year he was delegated to Congress, and continued there till 1777. In the siege of Charleston he was made prisoner and confined for one year. He was subsequently Governor, and died Jan. 23, 1800.

THOMAS HAYWARD, a native of South Carolina, was born in 1746. He left Congress in

1778, having been appointed Judge in his native State. He died in 1809.

THOMAS LYNCH, JR., was a native of South Carolina, where he was born Aug. 5, 1749. He was educated in England. His father was in Congress till 1776, when he was stricken down by paralysis. His son was elected to fill his place. In 1779 ill-health compelled him to retire, and sailing for Europe, was never heard of afterward.

ARTHUR MIDDLETON was the son of a wealthy South Carolina planter, and was also educated in England. His death occurred in 1787.

#### GEORGIA.

BUTTON GWINNETT was a native of England. He was in the Continental Congress from 1775 till 1777. He was soon after killed in a duel.

LYMAN HALL was born in Connecticut in 1721, and was educated at Yale. Having studied medicine he emigrated to Georgia. He was a member of Congress from 1775 till 1780, and was subsequently Governor of the State.

GEORGE WALTON had no ancestral distinction and no advantages of early education that were not made by himself. He was a native of Frederick county, Va., where he was born in 1740. At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to a carpenter, who was an ignorant man and proved a hard master. But the boy studied and read by torch-light; and when his apprenticeship expired he removed to Georgia, where he studied law and commenced practice in 1774. He was one of the five delegates sent to Congress in 1776. He was subsequently Governor and then Chief Justice of the State. He died in 1804.

#### CONCLUDING NOTES.

For some reason, never yet satisfactorily explained, Robert R. Livingston, of New York, though a member of the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence, never signed that document. He probably voted for it, and certainly proved himself a true patriot. His portrait, as a member of the committee, properly appears in the engraving. Of Thornton, Hart, Morton, Rodney, Braxton, Penn, and Gwinnett, no likenesses have been preserved. Most of the likenesses were taken at a period in life much later than the signing the Declaration.

Of the signers 49 were native born, and 18 of these were born in New England; 31 had received collegiate education; 29 were lawyers, 5 doctors, 6 farmers, or planters, and 12 merchants. All of them died natural deaths, except one killed in a duel, and one who probably perished at sea. The pages of the world's history do not present such another illustrious group

#### MR. ELLIOTT'S CLERK—THE SEQUEL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT must have been less than a week after the interview of Robert English with Maude Elliott, that Bryant Willard presented himself at the office of his uncle's large mercantile house. He was a stout, pleasant-faced, fair-haired youth, with a much stronger physical and moral likeness to his father than his mother. He was of the good-natured, indolent, generous-hearted type, with ordinary intelligence and general good intentions; and yet the youth had so far developed no very high impulses or aspirations; and any impartial observer might have detected a good many indications of a flexible will, and a character that somehow wanted muscle and stamina. He always *meant* well enough; but surely, for a nature like his, there might be breakers ahead and dark rocks, amid which he must stand with watchful eye and faithful hand at the helm. This bright, careless, pleasant youth is not oftenest the promise of a true, brave, vigorous manhood.

Bryant was his mother's idol: her nature concentrated its tenderness on him. It was difficult for her to perceive any of his faults; and they were of a nature which readily blinds the eyes of affection, and may, indeed, be outwardly attractive in early youth. Then Mrs. Willard could not easily have been convinced that any thing which belonged to her, in the sense in which Bryant did, could be otherwise than nearly faultless in all respects. She was very proud of and over-indulgent to her brave, merry, fine-looking boy. She never had any fears of his future; never thought of fortifying his character in the places where it might be weakest: he would certainly have a conspicuous position in the world, and be a source of pride and honor to herself—he, her son, Bryant Willard.

Robert English was busied over some bills of sale. He looked up as Bryant entered, and a very slight flush just tinged his forehead. He nodded a little frigidly, and bent over his writing. Bryant was not of a style easily repulsed; moreover, Robert was a favorite with him. He came up and offered his hand, saying, in his cordial, off-hand way, "Well, old fellow, glad to see you back again. I say, what makes you 'over the left' this morning?" Robert English could not choose but take the proffered hand; moreover, he had nothing against his old friend; and as he looked at the bright, cordial face, he felt that it would be wrong to visit the sin of the mother on her son. "I'm glad to see you again, old fellow," trying to look and act

quite like his natural self, and yet with a faint shade of reserve in his manner.

"Then why haven't you been up to the house to tell me so?"

It was a hard question. Robert English beat about it as well as he could with two or three lame and impotent excuses, which Bryant was quite shrewd enough to perceive had not been at the bottom of his friend's absence.

"No, you don't," he said, talking after the fashion which obtains among boys and young men; "I can see through that dodge. Don't shirk the truth now, let's have it."

"I'd rather not tell you, Bryant," and there was a look of pain and annoyance on the face of Robert English which made his friend take the matter more seriously.

Bryant laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. "We've been friends too long," he said, earnestly; "I like you too well, Robert, to feel that there is any coolness or offense betwixt us which I shall not be able to remove." So Robert was fairly coerced into telling the truth. He did it in as few words as possible; but he was not aware how much feeling and indignation crept into his voice while he spoke. Bryant Willard plunged his hands into his pocket, while his friend ceased, and gave a long, significant whistle.

"Is that all?" he said. "I thought you were too sensible a fellow to take such a matter to heart in this way."

"At least," with a good deal of asperity, "I have self-respect enough not to intrude myself in your mother's house, or on her son's society, when she thinks the association would contaminate him."

"I don't feel in the least anxious myself about any injury I shall sustain. I say, though, Robert, it was just like the old lady; don't mind her notions."

Mrs. Willard would have been greatly shocked if she could have seen the cool and, to use the mildest term, disrespectful manner in which her son treated her opinions.

Robert's next remark half conveyed a reproof. "But that is her opinion of me; and you, as her son, are bound to pay some heed to her wishes."

"That may be in general, but in particular cases I, as her son, having attained my seventeenth year, shall exercise my own judgment and taste in choosing my own companions."

Robert English did not dispute this question. It was natural that, under the circumstances, he should have some secret sympathy with Bryant's rebellion. Still, to his honor be it said, he held in too tender and sacred reverence the

memory of his own dead mother to encourage his friend's feeling, and he took up another point.

"Well, my dear fellow, I have no hard feelings toward *you* in the matter; but of course I can't, on my part, keep up the old terms of intimacy after the message Mrs. Willard sent me through your cousin Maude."

"She never said a word to me on the subject. I guess she thought it wouldn't be best; so I should be likely to oppose it. But, I say, Robert, come up to the house just as usual; I'll engage you sha'n't be insulted or put out of it. The old lady knows that I have a will of my own as well as she has."

Bryant's face showed that now, with the half-defiant look which leaped out of it, he was truly a spoiled child.

"No, thank you, Bryant; I can not come betwixt a mother and her son. I am not used to going where I am welcome only from a part of the household."

You will already have discovered that this Robert English did in no wise lack sensitiveness and high spirit on occasion.

"Then you do not mean to come to the house any more?"

"How can you ask me after what I have told you, Bryant?"

"Well, then, if that's settled, you nor no one else can prevent my coming in here to see you, just when and as often as I please; and I shall do it, too."

"But what will your mother say, Bryant?"

"If it is my duty to confess to her, at my present time of life, every instance I open my eyes or my mouth, I don't see it, that's all. If she finds out the facts, I guess I shall be able to stand my ground, and prove that I am out of leading-strings."

The conversation here was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Elliott. He had only time to interchange a few words with his nephew, and then he required Robert's services about some copying which had to be executed in great haste.

Before Bryant took his leave, however, he slipped around to the table and said in a low voice to Robert, "Give my love to my pretty cousin, and tell her every word I have said."

"Not all of it, Bryant. However she may disapprove of Mrs. Willard's conduct, she would think a son owed to his mother a little more respect than you have shown this morning."

Robert had not time to see whether Bryant felt the reproof which inhered in his words or not. The latter had one of those light, emollient natures into which admonitions of this



kind were not apt to sink very deeply, but rather slid off, very much like water off a duck's back. If Mrs. Willard had heard the young man's remark, her opinion of Robert English might have been somewhat modified.

Seven years have passed. During this time Robert English had arisen from one position of honor and trust in the firm to another, till he was now head clerk, with a fair prospect before many years of becoming junior partner.

During this time the youth had improved in all high respects. His character was settling itself into a strong, earnest manhood. Mr. Elliott certainly had never found reason to regret that for once he had taken the advice of his daughter. Robert had gained more than his old place in the senior partner's regard, and had been trusted with business confidences of the highest importance. It was a long time now, however, since he had resided in that gentleman's family. Mr. Elliott had broken up house-keeping several years ago, and his daughter had been in Europe traveling, for a portion of that time, on the continent with her father.

Robert English always thought of her as the good angel of his youth, as the sweet child-woman whose soft, white hands had been reached out to save him when he stood on the very edge of the precipice, and the sands were crumbling beneath, and the waters howling hungry for their prey below.

It was a dark, wild night in the late Autumn. Some very unusual and perplexing business had detained Robert English till very late at the office that evening. He noticed as he hurried through the streets on his way home, that the stars were all drowned in the black waves of cloud overhead. Every few moments a gust of angry wind drove a squall of snow in his face. And as he was hurrying on the figure of a man suddenly interposed betwixt himself and the gas-light at one of the crossings, and reeled to and fro before him and clutched wildly at the air. "Get out of my way so that I can pass, will you?" said Robert English; for now the figure swayed to and fro before him, evidently seeking to obstruct his progress. The man answered first by a long, low, chuckling sort of howl, then he shouted in a frenzied way, "No; I won't—hang me if I do!" The prospect of an encounter with a man made furious by drink in that quiet street was not pleasant. Robert looked around: there was no watchman, nor, indeed, any person in sight. He stepped back. "Let me go on, sir!" in a more authoritative voice than before; and then, as the gas-light flared over the bloodshot eyes

and the wild, pale face, something in it struck Robert English as familiar. He saw now, too, that the figure was that of a young man well dressed and—he had no time to observe further, only to evade a blow which was aimed at him. The next moment the truth flashed into his mind—"Bryant Willard; is it possible!"

The voice, the sound of his own name arrested the attention of the drunken man, and subdued for the moment, at least, his belligerent tendencies. "Who are *you*?" he sullenly demanded. "I am your old friend, Robert English. Ah, Bryant, to see you like this!"

The tone of reproach and pain touched some chord of remorse or sensibility in the soul of the intoxicated man: he began to moan and weep in a maudlin sort of way.

"Bryant, you are not in a condition to be here," said Robert English; "get home as quick as possible." "I can't find the way," answered Bryant Willard, in a querulous tone. "Well, I will go with you then;" and Robert drew the other's arm in his, and they set out for Bryant's home.

What a long, tedious walk it was, with the wind dashing the sharp snow every few moments in their faces, and Bryant growing every moment more helpless, till he was obliged to lean his whole weight on his friend's arm. If the two had not met just as they had done, Bryant must inevitably have fallen on the curbstones and been picked up at last by some policeman. At last, however, they reached his home. The servant who waited on the door manifested a great deal of surprise and curiosity at the plight of her young master; but Robert condescended to make no explanations. He led, or rather conveyed the friend of his youth into the parlor, when Bryant sank at once, in the heavy slumber of intoxication, on one of the lounges, and Robert desired the girl to tell her mistress that her son had returned with a friend.

In a few moments Mrs. Willard entered the parlor. In all these years Robert English had not seen her; for it was natural that he should avoid her presence whenever she visited at Mr. Elliott's. She was not greatly changed, except for the anxious, harassed look that made the well-preserved and comely face seem older than usual just now.

Mrs. Willard did not at first recognize Robert English. "Where is my boy?" she asked, with all the mother in her face and voice.

Robert pointed to the lounge where Bryant lay. She went up to it, leaned over her son, and—it did not take her long to discover the condition in which he had returned to her. It was not the first time she had seen the pride

of her heart thus. But she broke down now thoroughly. She sank on an ottoman with a low groan of amazement and despair, and wept before Robert English her mother tears of exceeding bitterness; and he did not interrupt them.

At last she looked up. "He has been going down for the last three years," she said. "O, what have I not done—what would I not give to save him! His love of company, pleasure, excitement has brought him to this; and it is slowly breaking my heart." The soul of Robert English was touched for the stricken mother, as she sat there pouring out her grief before him; and he sought for words to comfort her, and could find none; but as briefly as possible he related to her the circumstances of his meeting with her son that night.

"But who is this—Bryant's old friend—to whom we both are so much indebted?" The question had never entered Mrs. Willard's thoughts before because of her great grief.

"I am your brother-in-law's clerk, Robert English. You must have forgotten me."

She remembered *now*. He saw that it was an hour of triumph for Robert English; but he did not exult in it.

"O, yes, I remember," stammered Mrs. Willard.

"We both of us *must*, Mrs. Willard; and this hour teaches both you and me a solemn lesson. I think you were severe and unjust to me in that time, when, because I was led into temptation, you did not reach out any hand of help or charity to me; you only forbade me your house, and all further association with your son. You were a mother; surely, through her tender and holy sympathies, you ought to have learned more pity for me—a motherless boy."

Every word went down into Mrs. Willard's soul, and abode there. She was thoroughly humbled now.

"I was wrong—wicked," she fairly groaned. "I see it now. O, Robert English, you are sufficiently revenged—forgive me!"

"No, Mrs. Willard, I am not revenged. I do most heartily forgive you the wrong which I think you did me; and believe that only you can more deeply regret than I do the occasion which has brought me here to-night. I loved Bryant—I believe that he loved me. I would do any thing in my power to save him." And with words like these, full of solace for the crushed mother, Robert English went out at last from the residence of Mrs. Willard.

But the end is not here. He resolved, with God's help, to try and save her son. Patiently

and faithfully he followed Bryant Willard, bringing to bear on his feeble resolutions and flexible will the force of a stronger character, of a steadier purpose. Bryant's conscience was aroused and his aspirations for the right were stimulated; but it was only after many defeats and much forbearance and faithfulness on Robert's part, that he was saved at last; and the life which had promised to go down in sin and shame was rescued for a useful, honorable manhood.

Neither is the end here. In less than two years Robert entered as junior partner the house in whose services he had passed so much of his youth. Soon after this event Maude Elliott returned from her long absence abroad. Her womanhood fulfilled the promise of its girlhood. She had ripened into a most intelligent, attractive, noble woman. And there came a day and hour when Maude Elliott learned, amid tears of amazement and gratitude, how she had been the angel of the youth of Robert English; how her work had, with God's help, rescued him from the evil which beset him, and saved him for all that his present was or his future promised; and in the day and hour that she learned this, Maude Elliott covenanted to be the angel of the life of Robert English.

But the words spoken in the time of her humility and anguish by Mr. Elliott's clerk never lost their influence on Mrs. Willard. They made her a wiser, softer, tenderer woman. She learned what all of us ought never to lose sight of, that it is not safe to set our virtues far above those who stumble in the way; and that it is better to carry ourselves softly and pitifully toward others, taking heed lest we also, or our beloved, fall.

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#### THE DWELLING-PLACE OF THE SAINTS.

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THE saints of God shall dwell on high. That is their enviable position. The higher we ascend from the earth, the less of its fogs, its miasma, and its damps can any way reach us, or cloud our vision. He that dwells on the highest spot has the widest horizon, sees most clearly the panorama that spreads forth like a carpet at his feet, and is able, because of his elevation above the perturbations and disturbances of this lower level, to form the justest estimate of all that he sees, and to feel most perfectly the relative proportions between two magnitudes—the littleness of time, and the greatness of eternity.

## CONCERNING LIES.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

MRS. OPIE has been the moral bugbear of my life. I read her work on "Lying" in childhood and again in early youth, and I am safe in declaring, that for many years I so brought both my words and actions to the judgment bar of the gifted authoress, that the simplest utterance, when scanned by her light, seemed ever to cloak a falsehood, or, at least, to admit of being screwed into such shape as to present a very different meaning from the real one.

I think no poor child ever tried harder to be perfectly frank and truthful. No one ever more thoroughly despised a lie, either acted or spoken. My ears still tingle with the sharp reproofs of my elders for the often imprudent plainness of my replies to meddlesome questions. My heart feels a portion of the old chill as I recall the countless snubs I got on all sides for airing too freely my youthful opinions. And the very openness and sincerity which I strove so hard to attain was so often misunderstood by people of discretion, who "did n't believe in telling all they knew," that I became morbidly sensitive to the slightest misconstruction of my words, and felt, in spite of my honest intentions, that I lived, moved, and had my being in lies. O, Mrs. Opie! why did you write those conscience-goadings stories?

I have learned, late in life, to parry or evade rude questions, and do not lack the courage requisite to invite a professor of impertinence to devote his talents to his own affairs, or, as common parlance has it, to "mind his own business." But in those greener days I felt it as really incumbent on me to tell the whole truth to whoever required it, as if I were giving a testimony under oath.

I have thought many times during a rather eventful life, that a liberal sprinkling of Mrs. Opie's book over the land would have a beneficial effect. There are many people who seem to need it. Like most patent medicines, "no family ought to be without it." "Children take it readily," and it is like the practice of homeopathy, it never does any hurt if it does no good. If the rising generation could be brought up on it, what a pleasant world this would be to live in! It is doubtful whether plain matter-of-fact, without coloring or drapery, would retain its attractions, but it would be pleasanter than our present fashion of building every thing upon an imaginary base, with the mass of our opinions founded upon nothing.

We should not then be obliged to omit every alternate number of our morning journal, thus securing only the one in which the startling lies of the previous day are contradicted.

Truth puts iron fetters upon fancy. Outside its barriers it is scarcely possible to keep from being sucked into the whirlpool of popular opinions and customs; to be uninfluenced by personal feeling or petty prejudice. Truth would sadly hamper the sensation story-writer if its existence were not ignored altogether. These miracles of architectural symmetry, executed in the aerial line, which so daze our perceptions of the real in life, could never rise above the mental fog where they are generated. I was amused the other day while waiting in a country store with the skillful business tact of a young clerk.

"John," said his employer, "were you able at last to suit Mrs. Jackson with flour?"

"O yes. She says that the last barrel that I sent up is the best flour she ever used."

"Indeed! What was the brand?"

"Massasoit. I sent her the same barrel that she returned to us."

"Why, I thought she tried that and found it worthless."

"Yes. She tries every thing she buys here in the same way and generally sends it to be changed."

"A rather troublesome customer, is n't she, John?"

"Why, no, sir, not very. I always send the same thing the second time and it always suits."

His employer laughed approvingly and walked off, and I was smiling over the clever outwitting of Mrs. Jackson as contentedly as possible, when, Eheu! I thought of Mrs. Opie. I could not deny that there was a sort of deception in this business, but how or where to locate the evident lie was a puzzle. Did it belong to the woman or the clerk? I have no doubt that the clerk, with every other lineal male descendant of old Adam—who originated the unmanly dodge in the garden of Eden—would have made a scape-goat of the woman and packed the entire blame upon her frail shoulders, but I think Mrs. Opie would have taken a more liberal and comprehensive view of the subject.

I was pondering the bearing of this question in my mind when a loud voice at my elbow turned my thoughts into a new channel. Two gentlemen stood by the counter turning over a box of gloves. One of them was a doctor, the other a clergyman. Both were of a happy, social nature, and in the unrestrained intercourse of familiar acquaintanceship a little careless of their words.

"I heard of you yesterday at Mrs. Hagley's," said the doctor. "I'm glad you called there. She is more in your line than mine—needs grace more than physic."

"Why do n't you tell her so?"

"I might as well cut off my nose close behind my ears. She is connected with every body in the town who is of any consequence. Her case would give me a tolerable income if I had no other."

"I think I should let the last consideration go by."

"Perhaps. But with it I should be obliged to dismiss various other considerations. I am afraid I could n't pay the minister's taxes if I were so disinterested."

The minister laughed as he remarked, "From my yesterday's experience I think you earn your fee pretty well."

"Earn it? Of course I do. The hypocrisy that I am obliged to listen every day to the same long list of imaginary ailments, and to make believe that they are real and need medical treatment."

"Not in the same kind of coin, I hope," said the minister seriously; "that would not pay."

"No, I suppose not. But really it is not very interesting to listen every day to the same long list of imaginary ailments, and to make believe that they are real and need medical treatment."

"No, I should think not."

"It won't do to contradict her. The least I can do is to substitute some harmless preparation for the doses which she believes she is swallowing."

"What do you give her?"

"She is taking now a simple infusion of willow tea. She takes five drops three times a day. I have covered the label on the bottle with such a batch of complicated Latin that I can't read it myself."

"I remember that your Latin at Amherst was of a similar character."

"But this on the bottle is awe-inspiring. You would acknowledge that, Ashleigh, if"—

"If I could read it," pleasantly interrupted the clergyman. "I do not doubt it. But to return to poor Mrs. Hagley. You really think she needs no medicine?"

"Not a drop. She is as well as you are. If she had to earn her living she would be one of the strongest women in town. She is certainly one of the most aggravating."

"What will the end be?"

"O, she'll die of her fancies some time. She will fret till she gets her system into a condition that will take on disease and then she'll be off."

"I'll tell you what I would do," said the

minister, suddenly straightening his tall figure and squaring his broad shoulders as if he were about to face the entire military force of Dixie; "I'd tell her the truth. I would say to her respectfully, 'Madam, if your skull were not a thousand years thick you would have found out for yourself that you are as strong as a camel. You can't die if you want to. You'll outlive all this generation and the next, and be a torment to the third.' Do n't you think that would rouse her a little?"

"Yes, I think it would. So thoroughly, indeed, that she would require a change of doctors directly."

They went out of the store still laughing and talking, and I fell back upon Mrs. Opie.

A room for the sale of millinery opened from the store where I was waiting, and there seemed to be a flourishing business in progress, and the cheerful tones of the pleased lady-customers mingled pleasantly with the honeyed accents which portrayed the particular merits of hat or ribbon, the fashionable arrangement of flowers or feathers, and the inimitable elegance of every thing in the establishment. One could not help wondering that such incomparable excellence should be permitted to "waste its sweetness upon the desert air" of a retired country village; one could not help knowing that every third bonnet sold there embodied a lie—very likely a dozen.

Tired of waiting as well as of my uncharitable reflections, I crossed over the street to call on a friend. I did not expect to find her alone. She is a dress-maker, and her cheerful work-room is a favorite resort for ladies. I found half a dozen friends there, and they were so earnestly discussing some interesting theme that, with a hasty nod at my friend, the dress-maker, I sought a seat in an obscure corner.

"I called at Mrs. Upton's on my way here," said Lucy Hayes. "She has any quantity of new patterns, and she gets them directly from New York. She has a cousin there, a very aristocratic lady, who would be likely to know whether pointed waists are worn or not. Those patterns all have points, so I think that question is decided. Her cousin, according to her account, has a new dress for every day in the year."

"She needs a variety," quietly remarked the dress-maker. "She is an opera singer."

"How do you know?" asked several eager voices.

"I heard her sing when I was in the city in April."

"She may know the fashions for all that," said Miss Hayes in a disappointed tone.



"But must give up her pretensions to being very aristocratic, Lucy."

"Well, it is of no consequence. Mrs. Upton is getting ready to visit her. She is going next week."

"Has she any new dresses?"

"Yes. A silk and a berage."

"Pretty?"

"The berage does very well, and, for a wonder, is becoming. The silk is a plaid—blue and brown. You know how dark she is. It will make a fright of her."

"I suppose you did not tell her so."

"No, indeed. I am too merciful for that. I praised the silk to the skies."

"Was that right, Lucy?" I asked, coming forward to join the group as I spoke.

"O you are here, Helen Catherwell! I must speak by rule now," said Lucy in a vexed tone. "You catch one up so short. I wonder who appointed you the line and plummet of our set. I said nothing but the truth to Mrs. Upton. The silk is handsome."

"But unsuitable."

"Do you suppose she would thank me if I told her so? Or if I hinted that she was black as a raven?"

"That would not be true."

"Perhaps not exactly true if measured by your line; but even you will allow that her complexion is as streaked as a zebra's."

"It is clearer than yours, Lucy—and whiter," I added, after attentively regarding her so as to be sure I spoke the truth.

"That may be," she answered quickly; "but if I looked as much like a ghost as one person of my acquaintance, I would go straight to the sexton and ask for burial."

"Do you mean me?" I asked, getting up to glance in the mirror.

"You can judge for yourself," was the unamiable response.

I went up to the glass to examine myself closely.

"Well, what do you see?" asked Lucy in her sharp, irritable voice. "A beauty?"

"No, certainly not."

"One would suppose, to see you now, that you did not look into the glass once a month."

"I do n't think, Lucy, that I have looked into it for years to ascertain my claim to beauty. But now that I have a good view of myself I must confess that I look as well as any one here."

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Storrs? Jenny Ross, are you listening? We must be a pretty-looking set."

"Pretty or not," I went on, "we are all in the majority."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, we all know that there are very few really-handsome people. I mean persons who have the doll-like beauty of regular features, symmetrical forms, and spotless complexions. The majority of people comprise every variety of ugliness, and we are in the majority. We get used to our own looks, and perhaps deceive ourselves with the idea of being handsomer than our neighbors, but the neighbors know better. Have you never observed that the ugliest-looking persons are the loudest in their remarks upon the want of beauty in others? I was n't thinking of you, Lucy," I added kindly, as I saw her face flush and her eyes light up.

"Nobody cares if you were. You seem to have found out that you are not handsome."

"Yes. Shall I tell you how? It was on a journey. I was going with my husband from Springfield to Boston. I think it was ten years ago this Autumn. Mr. Catherwell had a new review with him, and he began to cut the leaves and lose himself in the contents as soon as the cars started. We were seated nearly in the middle of the cars, and opposite us, at the further end, was a mirror which reflected the faces of the passengers. I had nothing to do, so I took myself to my usual traveling occupation of studying faces."

"A piece of impertinence," muttered Miss Lucy.

"Possibly. It was not long before I observed a face which seemed familiar, though I could by no means remember where I had seen the lady before. I saw that she was attentively regarding me, and that the recognition was mutual, though her countenance wore a puzzled expression, which convinced me that she shared in my perplexity, and could n't fix me in her mind. Assured that she was some dear, though strangely-forgotten friend, I ventured to nod and smile, and found that by some curious freemasonry she had understood my feeling and nearly anticipated me in the courtesy. At last, quite in despair of ever being able to recall her name or position, I nudged my husband and whispered, 'Tom, do stop reading a minute. There is a lady in the cars who knows us, but I can't think of her name. You can see her in the mirror. It is that very plain woman by that open window. She wears a drab velvet bonnet with blue-ribbon strings.'

"Yes, I see her. But she is speaking to some one so that I can not see her face. Her bonnet is like yours, is it not?"

"I turned quickly to decide this point, when my husband burst into a loud laugh. 'You have been looking at yourself, Nell,' said he.

'When we get home you had better study the looking-glass till you know yourself by sight.'

"I have never thought myself a beauty since then."

Listening to my story Lucy Hayes had forgotten her vexation and recovered her good humor, and I was careful to leave before a second offense was possible.

Did you ever sit for an hour in a place of public resort without observing the pains taken on all sides to assume a false position, to act the lazy, useless, fine lady or gentleman? Such acting deceives nobody, and has not perhaps the positive influence of the spoken falsehood; but it is meant to give a false impression, and is, therefore, a lie to all intents and purposes. A more transparent one can not be imagined, or one more silly. A thousand and one indescribable tokens are continually betraying the truth, and each little hint or indication is perfectly understood by the curious beholders. We can not shut our individuality into a box or drawer and leave it at home.

I did not need to look in the face of the wearer of a rich brocade last Sunday in order to classify her. The glittering gold watch by which she rather conspicuously timed the Church services, and the "love of a bonnet," with its dainty trimming of lace and flowers, were no disguise at all, for below the ample folds of the silk which was accidentally caught up by the hat-rack at her feet, the frayed edge of a soiled calico quilted skirt displayed itself.

There was no need of asking an autobiography of the stately personage on the opposite side of the aisle to determine that she had seen less prosperous days. True, her servant sat in the gallery and her carriage waited at the door. But the costly glove did not hide the broad hand, with its joints strained and enlarged by hard work. I have no doubt that she used to take in washing for a living. If she did, it was a credit to her, because it showed a capacity for usefulness, but she is ashamed of it and do n't mean that you shall know it.

That puffy, straight little man in one of the highest-priced pews, who looks so much like a closely-clipped cedar bush or the blunt handle of a shoemaker's awl, is one of the richest men in town. He knows it too. And his head is one of the emptiest. But he don't know that. I remember the beginning of his greatness. He lived in a one-story brown house on the bank of the river, and used to catch herring in defiance of law, and send them away to be sold under the cover of night. That stately mansion on Severn Hight is his residence now. His fast horses and elegant carriages are the admi-

ration of the town. Men of culture and refinement are glad to sit at his table, to feast upon the choice fruits of his hot-houses, to gather the floral treasures of his conservatory, to bask in any way in the sunshine of his prosperity. But they do not forget the midnight beguiling of the unwary fish into his net, and in their hearts they despise him always. His life, and theirs also, make up one gigantic lie. He is a stupendous mushroom which they dig about and cultivate; a lie without even the pretense of being founded upon fact; an assumption of worth where there is none; a lie tinselled for the eye and sugared for the taste, eagerly swallowed but instantaneously rejected by the mental digestion.

I have wondered many times how people who believe in natural goodness contrive to explain away the universal propensity to falsify which every child exhibits. It is not true Scripture that "children and fools speak the truth." But the inspired volume does assert that we all go astray as soon as we are born, speaking lies.

We are predisposed to it. The dishonorable proclivity is ours by inheritance. We are not thankful for the legacy, and we look with rueful faces back to those good old-fashioned days in the garden of Eden before lying became an institution. As women, we are proud to know that mother Eve did not hold down her head and lie when questioned in regard to her fatal transgression. Her openness was the same fine trait which has been always misrepresented in her daughters, till it has become proverbial that a woman can keep nothing to herself. But the unprejudiced mind sees at once the sublime contempt for subterfuge shown in her frank avowal of guiltiness, and honors the straightforward simplicity which marks her reply, "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat."

We can not see a shadow of nobility in Adam's superior reticence. On the contrary, we should like to know whether poor Eve ever regained her respect for him after listening to his equivocal attempt at self-justification; after hearing his implied slur upon the truly-feminine generosity which had given him a share of the spoils.

There he stood, not a particle of chivalry about him, with no thought of the clinging, loving nature of the beautiful woman before him, with not a word to say about his own shameful hankering after the forbidden fruit, with his head hanging down and his bare feet industriously turning up the gravel, and this was his flimsy excuse, "*The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat.*" It is plain enough that we are

indebted to the first Adam for the old Adam within us.

Is it not possible to repeat a lie till, to the originator thereof, it wears the aspect of truth? With its verity thus established, may it not be innocently told at last and thus become matter of history? How else were the huge folios upon my library shelves brought into existence? In them I find minute records of the rise and fall of empires and nations; I am taken into the secret counsels of dead kings and mighty warriors; I analyze their hidden motives of action and discern with an eagle eye the thoughts and intents of the heart. Nothing short of Divine Omniscience could penetrate into and understand all the mysterious workings, designs, and involutions of those mighty men of old; but we forget this as we lose ourselves in the pleasing narrative. We believe every word of it, and are, very likely, more really benefited than if the unadorned truth were presented in its naked deformity. Not many years ago I passed a long Winter evening in listening to a lady acquaintance who felt then and there disposed to open to me her life history.

Being myself of humble origin, belonging to the class who get an honest living by manual labor, I should have been quite abashed by her lofty castle-building had I not known that she was romancing. She had no suspicion of my knowledge of the "pit from whence she had been dug," and she did enjoy telling her story while I studied her curiously. What a big "brew" she made of it!

It was a pleasant picture after all. First, the elegant appointments of the well-remembered nursery; then the pleasures of her luxurious youth; her beauty and the long train of lovers who vied for her smiles; the finishing touch given to her education and manners at Madame Loureth's academy, etc. How naturally her tears fell over those imaginary reminiscences!

All the while I sat on a low cricket before the open grate watching the unsteady flame and thinking of Mrs. Opie. I knew that the lady's parents had been as poor as Job's turkeys, which was no disgrace to them or to her; I knew that her mother had ended a rather inglorious career by dying in the poor-house, and I rejoiced that humanity had provided any house of refuge for the homeless; I knew that both the lady and her husband had graduated from a cotton-mill, and I gloried in the enterprise and thrift displayed in our large manufactories; and I knew also that they owed their present aristocratic position to the profits of a gin distillery. Well, it was an interesting story and displayed very creditable inventive powers.

Every body knows the man who for twenty years or more has so faithfully attended all the prayer and conference meetings, and who has told the same story in every meeting. He says he is an unfaithful Christian, and nobody doubts it, except himself; he asks us all to pray that he may have grace to persevere unto the end, but we do n't, because we think he had better give it up and start on a new tack if he means to reach the desired port at last. We think his wishes and his protracted unfaithfulness do not tally. He concludes by telling us that he expects at the final judgment to hear those welcome words of approbation addressed to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

His complacent expectation of hearing such a monstrous untruth uttered by the lips of Infinite purity would be the perfection of satire if it were not so profane. A lie in a religious garb, exhaling the odor of sanctity, is too odious to dwell upon. Whatever degrees of punishment may be meted out to the "white" accepted lies of society, *that* will be sure to find its part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.

That notable, boasting housekeeper who lives over on your street, dear reader, whose closets and drawers are always boiling over with soiled napkins and kerchiefs; who ingeniously lays the dinner plates to hide the stains of the tablecloth; who, on the approach of visitors, so dextrously with one hand tucks her unkempt hair under the convenient net, while the other "chucks" the refuse of a dinner into the sink drain; who leaves a rim of dirt around the necks and wrists of her children to show where she left off washing them; and with all, deafens you with her pretensions to neatness and with her neighbor's defective housewifery, that woman ought to read Mrs. Opie. Her life would be a lie if she did not speak a word. She has an idea that she takes snuff unknown to any body, because she does it stealthily. But nature never made those immense nasal portals to air so small a brain. They are artificially constructed—enlarged by constant distention.

Did you observe Dr. Slyquid last evening when he hurried to the balcony of your house to catch "a distant view of the sounding sea?" What a transparent dodge to hide from you that spirting of tobacco juice which so disfigures to-day the white-fluted columns beneath! As if you had not noticed and understood his thick gurgling articulation! As if the sudden collapsing of the cheeks, and the restored smile which was just now an impossible achievement, could pass unremarked by you!

Dear, incomparable Mrs. Opie! Come back

from the Aidenn where thy truthful spirit re-  
poseth, and cast yet more bread upon the de-  
ceitful waters.

### TO THE MOMENTS OF ABSENCE.

BY LT. COL. W. H. YOUNG.

FLY, fly! ye fleeting moments!  
Like flashing meteors skim the present's space,  
Nor tarry once:  
But dart with lightning's speed  
Into the murky past.  
And let the flappings of your straining pinions  
More swiftly tell  
The march of hours  
That now but slowly  
Bear to me, so weary waiting,  
The boon of meeting  
And of greeting  
*Her*, for me, so weary waiting.  
"Stay, stay!" I once had begged you,  
"Nor, whirling by, the precious, golden hour  
Snatch thus away;  
But rather lend an hour  
Of the forever gone."  
But now your wings with swiftest swoopings  
Too slowly mark  
The lagging days  
That all so heavily  
Bear to me, so tired waiting,  
The joy of seeing  
And of being  
With *her*, for me, so tired waiting.  
On, on! speed on! ye moments!  
As swift as lightnings scour the stormy skies;  
As swift as sun-rays pierce the distant voids;  
As swift as memories reach their long-past goals;  
As swift as thoughts dash o'er their boundless realms;  
As swift as sorrows reach the heart's deep depths;  
As swift as prayers can mount the steps of faith,  
Or grace descend to heart-broke penitents.  
I love the music of your rushing by—  
But hasten, hasten! wildly on!—  
More than the wild winds' sweet, Æolian strains,  
But quicken still the sweeping speed!  
Or that famed music of the whirling spheres—  
Let swifter yet those measures rise!  
For, lo! how slow the tramp of hours is!  
How halts the day, while yonder hangs the sun,  
As counting thrice the time-dots of each hour  
Should bring my heart, so sadly waiting,  
The bliss of folding  
Here and holding  
*Her* heart, for mine, so sadly waiting!  
Again, ye once loved moments!  
As then I longed your stay,  
And pined your presence gone,  
And grieved you, ever lost,  
I now with loving, longing, pining grief,  
And gushing tears,  
And crushing fears,  
And heaving breast

With grieving 'pressed,  
Implore you, warn you, bid you  
Flash on!  
Dash on!  
Crowd on!  
Crush on!

And bear away the growing hours,  
And heavy days, and crushing weeks,  
And monster mountain months,

That, like an Etna's weight,  
Are crushing out my life—  
The life of me so sick with waiting  
The dear uniting,  
For ne'er dividing,  
With *hers*, for mine, so sick with waiting.

### THE HOLY CITY.

BY ANNA GRANT CORDELEY.

Tho' many I love have passed its portal,  
No friend hath returned to tell  
Of the glory, and light, and beauty,  
Of the city where they dwell.

It lieth beyond Death's solemn river,  
On that distant, mystic shore,  
Where walk the souls of the long-departed  
Who are gone to return no more.

In the cities of earth there is sorrow—  
There is weeping, and want, and sin;  
But we know that no pain or sighing  
May enter those gates within.

For in wondrous revelations  
From the king of the city ne'er told  
Of its garnished and jeweled foundations  
Of jasper, and sapphire, and gold.

We read of the city's pearly gates—  
Of its shining emerald walls—  
Of the light that gildeth all within,  
Which never fades or palls.

Those streets with pavements of purest gold,  
The feet of the saints have trod,  
There flows the river of Life, whose streams  
Make glad the city of God.

There chant the unnumbered multitude,  
Day without night the wonderful song—  
"Wisdom, and blessing, and power, and might  
Do unto our King belong."

And whoso crosseth its portal,  
And passeth the golden door,  
Shall forever abide in the city—  
Shall never go out any more.

And he who would know that his title  
To a home in that city is sure,  
Walketh softly, carefully, ever  
Keepeth his spirit pure.

He who walks patiently, firmly,  
In the path the Savior hath trod,  
Even he shall abide in the city  
Whose builder and maker is God.



## THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHTY.

IT is a singular but striking fact, that every thing good or great which this world has looked upon must, "through much tribulation," arrive at its state of completeness. Poverty, and public opinion, and all the elements of nature must fight a man faithfully before he brings about any great invention, or brings mankind to believe in any great discovery. The human mind seems to demand this opposition fairly to develop its powers.

A young artist, who was surrounded by many difficulties, born of poverty, succeeded with very inferior materials in producing some beautiful works of genius, which came under the notice of a wealthy patron of art. The young man was taken from his obscurity, supplied with every facility for his favorite pursuit; but in his new surroundings his skill departed. The struggle was what fed and sustained the power. As an old writer says, "Energy of mind, like strength of body, must be acquired by exercise, and the consciousness of desert in encountering difficulties must be felt to enable us to accomplish every great work." There is no greater mistake than for a youth to imagine that genius does every thing by a sudden act which costs him nothing. The genius of patient labor is the only true genius. All our great men have become so by fixing on some great object, filling their whole being with a determination to achieve the project, and following it up through years of faithful toil. If a young man has not this sort of genius, nor the mettle to acquire it, he may lay aside all hope of preferment.

It is interesting to trace the course of all great inventions, and observe how the hosts of opposing influences set themselves in array to battle with the inventors, thus calling out every power and expedient for the inevitable contest.

Such difficulties had "poor Jamie Watt" to encounter by the legion, from the day when the one idea of remedying the defects of Newcomen's crude steam-engine entered his brain. He shut his whole nature up to the task, till, as he tells us, he "became quite barren to every other subject of research."

First in order was the opposition which Nature gave him. The remedy for the great defect in the machine he was studying seemed to involve a paradox, and for long and toilsome months he beleaguered Nature to find her "weak side," so he might take the proper advantage of it. At length, as he strolled along one evening in a green meadow on the banks of the beautiful

Clyde, a brilliant thought flashed like a meteor across his brain. If he did not shout "Eureka" and run like a madman through the streets, his desponding nature was certainly awakened to greater enthusiasm than it had known for many a day.

The idea of a condenser in a vessel separate from the cylinder was the new revelation that vanquished Nature's opposition. Though it seems as simple as to make the egg stand on end "when once you know how," yet it required that long and patient thought and labor to develop it. At that day and on that velvet green-sward might well have been set up a milestone for the nations to mark their onward progress. What immense destinies were inclosed in the walls of that rude "tin cistern" with which he began his experiments! Little could his brightest fancy conceive of the millions of giants, with their myriads of working arms, that should spring from the tiny fountain his brain had opened up. "Put the faithful servant steam in harness, and that which all the fantastic creations of mythology could not have accomplished, yoked to the work, he will effect with the precision of an intelligent thing."

But now that one great difficulty had been overcome, another quite as formidable presented. Watt was by nature the most diffident of men. As he tells us, he "would rather face a loaded cannon than settle an account, or make a bargain." He was poor also, and how could he push forward such an invention into practical service? Providence sent him in his hour of need a most able and excellent coadjutor in Matthew Boulton, a great manufacturer and man of capital, who entered into the work with heart and purse—partly, as he says, "from love of Watt, and partly from a money-getting, ingenious project."

But as the allied forces sallied out with their scheme from the seclusion of the little work-room, and tried, first of all, to obtain protection for it by an act of Parliament, then the stupid old world, always standing in her own light, began a series of oppositions as powerful as they might have set on foot to break up a band of malefactors. Even Edmund Burke, "the last man," says one, "who ought to have put down a brake on the wheel of civilization," spoke against the application. So fiercely was he assailed that poor Watt began to "feel himself some plundering proconsul, seeking immunity for his crimes, instead of an inventor soliciting a reasonable protection for his ingenuity." But an overruling Hand would not permit the great work to die here, and at last an act was passed securing it to him for twenty-five years.

Now he was free to apply himself to the work of perfecting his machinery. But here he had an obstinacy greater than Nature's sometimes to overcome. With no perceptible cause his machine would often stand stock still when bid to go. By time and patient toil, however, it was brought to excellent working order.

Now came the difficulty of getting it introduced to practice. Some mines were waiting anxiously for it, that they might be enabled to dive deeper into the heart of the earth for her treasures. The demand for engines from them greatly encouraged the workers; but at Cornwall, the great field of profit, they were looked on with much suspicion. The inventor found that its "velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise" seemed to give more satisfaction than any thing else, and they were not pleased with any attempts to moderate its stroke—the giant must seem perfectly furious, or they had no faith in his power. So greatly tormented was the poor inventor that he mentions "peace of mind and delivery from Cornwall" as his earnest prayer.

To add to his troubles the piratical cruisers, which are ever on the alert for the valuable ideas of other men, pursued his invention with wonderful ardor and success, and endless litigations were the result. But by all these the work grew, and persecution made it still more famous. So the good hand of God brought the wonderful invention through all the difficulties that threatened to crush it, and the world has done justice to the name of the agent he employed. His last years, too, were spent in peace and comfort, having thrown off the cares of business. No doubt fair and favoring surroundings from the beginning of his project would have been grateful to the spirit, but most enervating to the powers of mind. The work would have become an elegant and interesting pastime, instead of the serious, determined business of a lifetime.

One Winter's indulgence in the luxuries of Cannae did more to demoralize Hannibal's army than fifteen years of hard fighting with the bravest armies of Rome.

No doubt the world would never have listened to the story of the "immortal dreamer" but for those twelve years of dreary imprisonment in Bedford jail, where every means of usefulness seemed to be cut off. Yet being dead he yet speaks, by ten thousand voices, in almost every tongue and nation where the Bible has gone.

It is wonderful to see the expedients which a man's ingenuity will devise, when stern necessity compels him to do or die. Let him be placed at his wits' end for something with which

to feed himself, or to satisfy the eager, grasping hands of little children clinging to his garments, and if he still will struggle on, no doubt some pathway will open up before him—a narrow, winding footpath, it may be, up the Hill Difficulty; but let him unswervingly follow it, and it will lead him at length to a wide, fair upland, green with verdure and rich with fruitage.

Even in the forever-famed and infamous Libby prison a young neighbor of mine found his resources not wholly cut off. While sharing its hospitalities he saved with great care the bones from his morsel of beef, and with his pocket-knife manufactured them into very pretty rings, fashioned like the little cornelians so common a few years ago. They found a ready sale, and he was able by this means to add enough to his rations to "keep off the wolf," till he was fortunately exchanged.

This principle that applies to individuals is also true of communities. We need not too hastily conclude that there is no employment for a man, or a set of men. Not till the whole brain is aroused, and every mental and bodily energy awakened by necessity, can you tell whether a man need be dependent upon your charity. An able-bodied laborer should not be too soon pauperized. Sometimes, it is true, prompt relief is needful; but the more the poor are helped to help themselves, the more real the charity. Easy relief from public or private funds soon blunts the finer sensibilities and energies, and the objects of our charity soon sink down to a lower level than before. It is a sad fact that pauperism and intemperance usually go hand in hand.

It seemed a very dark hour, indeed, in the county of Nottingham, in 1812, when thousands of operatives were thrown out of good employment. Whole districts were pauperized, till the "poor rates" were quite insufficient to meet the demands. This set to work the busy brains of the proprietors of estates, and the workmen themselves. If the rates had been quite sufficient, no doubt both classes would have settled down indolently to wait for better times—the laborers becoming daily more degraded. A subscription of six thousand pounds was raised, and the whole wisely invested in some simple manufacture by which the employed could earn the mere pittance of ten pence a day. But the work, poorly repaid as it was, saved the able laboring men from utter stagnation of mind and body, and at length some superior minds among them invented a machine for lace weaving, which was soon brought to a high degree of perfection; and from that invention sprang up a wide-spread industry, which raised the population from the

depths of pauperism to comparative plenty. The supply of labor could not equal the demand, and even gentlemen's upper servants were induced to leave their situations and invest their time and savings in such a money-making employment. Some of the lace machines invented by these operatives were so valuable as to sell for a thousand pounds apiece.

We are very apt to look on those engaged in such mechanical employments as almost a part of the machines they work with; yet no doubt there are as great minds by nature among them as in the pulpits and senate halls of our land. Emergencies sometimes draw them out from the common ranks, and the world looks on with wonder and admiration. But the great army plod on thoughtfully and contentedly in the path their fathers trod before them, making the best of the surroundings in which God has placed them. The world needs good and great minds in every honest calling; yet any young man may lawfully aspire to make as good and as high a position for himself as he is able.

Do not feel, because your home is a humble country one, and your hands toil-hardened, that "all these things are against me." The world has called her great ones from the echoing aisles of the far backwoods, or the humble bench of the mechanic; but rarely, if ever, from homes of fashionable frivolity. Daniel Webster was born in a log-cabin, and early inured to hard work. For many years Elihu Burritt was compelled to work at his anvil for eight hours a day, that he might have the means for pursuing his favorite intellectual pursuits after the day's toil was over. Some of Burns's most touching ballads were composed while following his plow. Every school-boy knows what a hard-working printer's lad Benjamin Franklin was, and to what a high position he finally rose; and very many have, I doubt not, been stimulated and encouraged, by his example, to feel that they, too, might be and do something in the world. But too many miss the prize because they are not contented to rise as Franklin did—*step by step*. Take that for your watch-word, young man—*Step by step!* Set before you a high standard, and then resolutely advance toward it. A neglect of the duties which lie before you, next at hand, will just be so many steps in the opposite direction. Franklin was as faithful and valuable to his master in the printing-office as he was to the country and the world as a statesman and a philosopher. Be on the look-out for opportunities of advancing your fortunes, and learn to seize the golden moment; for the same one can never return to you again. And there is nothing that will more effectually prevent

your taking these important steps at the right moment than the habit of neglect of little daily duties.

"Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning," is a precept applicable to temporal as well as eternal interests; and remember that a host of opposing influences need not crush a lofty purpose, but only serves as a storm that drives a vessel faster to port.

And what is true of individuals and communities has also been found in all ages to be true of nations. "Through much tribulation" has every onward step been taken. So let us take courage, feeling that the great struggle we are now passing through will write out for us a glorious page of advancement on the world's tablets.

"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL."

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARY HIELD, JANESVILLE, WIS.

BY MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.

FAR from the father-land which gave her birth,  
The dear old homestead where her children played,  
Far from that still more sacred spot of earth,  
Where her loved partner's sleeping dust was laid,  
To this bright land of promise, sad and lone,  
With her young charge that widowed mother came;  
Here pitched her tent, here raised her altar-stone,  
And with Christ's followers enrolled her name.  
With zeal untiring, and with motives pure,  
The heat and burden of the day she bore;  
And He, whose promise ever stands secure,  
Enlarged her borders, and increased her store.  
Like olive plants beneath her fostering care  
Her dutious children clustered by her side,  
And, one by one, in answer to her prayer,  
They chose her Savior for their friend and guide.  
With clear perceptions, and with judgment sound;  
Firm to admonish, ready to defend;  
In her the youthful and the aged found  
A faithful counselor and steadfast friend.  
Down to old age, even on the verge of time,  
With faith, and hope, and mental vigor strong  
Her works of love grew more and more sublime,  
Like the last strains of some grand choral song.  
Such the faint outline of her useful life;  
But language fails to sketch the final hour,  
When fearlessly she met the mortal strife,  
And smiled triumphant at the conqueror's power.  
As when some stately ship with canvas spread,  
Unscathed by stormy winds or swelling tides,  
Homeward returning, echoes "Land ahead!"  
Glides into port, and safe at anchor rides,  
So her life-voyage rounded to its close,  
Under full sail; death's narrow strait she passed,  
Entered the blissful haven of repose,  
And safe within the veil her anchor cast.

## THE BIBLE IN MODERN LANGUAGES.

BY REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE Hebrew language, from the Oriental sensuousness of its imagery, and its almost boundless capacity for the expression of emotion, was an eminently-fit vehicle for the revelations of the old dispensation. But it was not adapted to convey New Testament truth. While the indefiniteness and mysticism that characterize all Asiatic tongues rendered it appropriate to the primary and shadowy revelation, the exact distinctions, close reasoning, and accurate doctrinal statement of the New Testament could only find expression in a European language. And something more than the exactness of European idiom was required. The exalted spirituality and measureless fullness of Gospel thought demanded a vocabulary of extraordinary copiousness, vigor, and poetic beauty. And mark the providence of God. For ages the philosophers, poets, and orators of Greece had been unwittingly developing a language for the living oracles of the New Covenant. Little thought Homer, when he sang the achievements of gods and demigods, and the divine heroes of the elder world, that he was contributing to build up his native tongue for the benefit of a revelation that should overthrow every deity of his pantheon. Never was a language consecrated to so holy a use as the Greek. And never was there so grand a language. The words of Coleridge regarding it are not to be forgotten. "As universal as our race, as individual as ourselves, of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and distinctness of Nature herself, to which nothing was vulgar, and from which nothing was excluded, speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English." Who, then, can refrain from admiring the Providence that employed such agencies through ages in the preparation of such a vehicle for divine truth?

When the Old Testament canon was complete the old Hebrew became a dead language, and not long after the completion of the New Testament the ancient Greek shared the same fate. In order that the two tongues that were the depositories of God's truth might not be subject to the mutations of living speech they were petrified, and neither Greek nor Hebrew has changed one iota since. They are not now the peculiar possession of any nation, but are common fountains to which all may resort. No national pride is offended by the languages in which the Scriptures are written. Having become the sacred tongues of the whole earth, it

was fitting that they should be no more used for profane purposes.

But the Bible was intended for popular use, and since its original languages are not now the vernaculars of any nations, these truths can only become household words by means of translation. Happily it is the most translatable of books. Not that it does not suffer in the process. In the Bible, more than in any other book, there are wrapped up in the arrangement of the words and the construction of the sentences ideas of such subtle spirituality that they must to some extent evaporate in translation. Doubtless, too, an inconsiderable portion of that supra-literal signification for which Hengstenberg contends is lost in the transfer to another tongue. But that is chiefly of value to scholars who must always seek the fullest understanding of Holy Writ in the languages chosen by the Holy Spirit himself to be the immediate vehicle of his revelations. The most serious obstacle to the successful rendering of the Scriptures is the poverty of many vocabularies. Indeed, there are few tongues rich enough in all departments to be capable of expressing all the ideas of Scripture. But this difficulty pertains not so much to the Bible as to the languages into which it is translated. And, notwithstanding these abatements, it is the most translatable of books. Plainness and straightforwardness are the first essentials of a susceptibility for translation, and plainness and straightforwardness are preëminently characteristic of Scripture. If half the Bible were mystical, or allegorical, or speculative, it would be impossible to render it successfully into the different languages of earth.

One great obstacle to the translation of most books is their national character, their saturation with the peculiar ideas, and their conformity to the distinctive modes of thought of the people among whom they originate. Of all German writers Jean Paul is the most thoroughly German, and consequently the most untranslatable. Other languages will not express his dreamy mysticism. Of English writers Shakspeare is the most English, and when translated he is Shakspeare no longer. But the Bible is cosmopolitan. Our American rationalists are fond of speaking of it as "the Hebrew Bible." But it is not Hebrew. Its thoughts are not Hebrew. Compare it with any uninspired Hebrew writings and you will see how infinite is the difference. Its spirit is not Hebrew. The Hebrew spirit is narrow. But there is no "Dan and Beersheba" to the spirit of the Bible. Its thoughts are not discolored by individual or national idiosyncrasies, but pertain to the universe. It is at home in any tongue.



The necessity for Bible translation does not proceed solely from the fact that the mass of the people are ignorant of the originals. If a nation of scholars could exist, wherein every one could read Greek fluently, the necessity for the New Testament in the vernacular would not be obviated. The Scriptures could never possess that realness which is so essential to their influence in a foreign idiom. It is necessary, moreover, that they should sanctify the popular dialect by making use of its vocabulary for the inculcation of divine truth. Then, too, the Word of God needs a certain modification in order to its adaptation to the peculiarities of the several nations of the earth. Not that its truths will ever admit of any alteration, but as the skillful orator frames his sentences and modulates his voice in accordance with the temper of his audience, so does revelation vary its tone in such a manner as to be most effective with the people to whom it addresses itself. This adaptation takes place in translation. The character of a nation impresses itself on the sound of their words and the idioms of their language. So that while the Sermon on the Mount is addressed to the phlegmatic and speculative German with all the massive force, metaphysical accuracy, and poetic simplicity of his mother tongue, it comes to the Frenchman clothed with the subtle elegance and nervous animation of his own Gallicisms. And while the Anglo-Saxon hears these inestimable truths in vigorous and copious English, they charm the Spaniard in the lisping cadence of the Castilian, and delight the Italian in the gentle rhythm of his own musical speech.

The effect of translation, too, is to give prominence in each dialect to that element in the Scriptures best calculated to make them effective with the people using it. This is true of any book when rendered into a foreign tongue, but to none is it so applicable as to the Holy Scriptures, because there is no other work so cosmopolitan. To the Italian the Bible is a book of holy fervor and passion; to the English reader it is one of sober and practical earnestness. Translation also serves to give a stereoscopic vividness to those portions best adapted to affect each nation. The Spanish, for instance, is a language of fancy. Its ballads and romances are scarcely surpassed in wildness by the most extravagant Oriental legends. It is, in consequence, the language of mysticism; and the character of the Spanish people is, of course, in correspondence with that of their speech. Romantic adventurers have always abounded in Spain, while such mystics as St. Teresa and Loyola are phenomena that could scarcely exist

any where else. Now, to any one accustomed to our incomparable English version, the Spanish appears tame in its expression of New Testament truth. This impression does not leave you till you arrive at the Apocalypse. Here the beautiful Castilian tongue is at home, and those wonderful visions that seemed so intangible in the English and so impossible in the French have come now to have an irresistible realness. In fact, seen through the medium of the Spanish, the marvelous apocalyptic scenes are the most real things in the universe. The new heaven and the new earth, the pure river of the water of life, "resplendent like crystal," as the Castilian has it, and the New Jerusalem, are depicted with the same glowing epithets employed by the early Spanish adventurers to describe *El Dorado*, "the golden" land of tropical America. And there is nothing in all Scripture so well adapted to captivate the Spanish mind as these sensuous and allegorical pictures of the glories of the messianic kingdom.

When the Bible is rendered into any tongue it at once domesticates itself. It is part and parcel of every literature, not a struggling exotic, but indigenous in every soil. Our English Bible pertains as properly to English literature as Shakspeare or Milton. In influence on our literature Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare are not comparable to it. Wickliffe and Chaucer were cotemporary. The English Bible and English literature are twins. Born simultaneously, their sympathy has ever been the most exquisite. They have uniformly flourished or declined together. And wherever the Bible gains an unrestricted circulation in the vernacular it at once becomes the most potent of influences in molding the literature of the nation.

And let us not forget another aspect which Bible translation presents. If national character impresses itself upon language, the converse is equally true—language reacts upon character. One of the earliest steps that a barbarous people take toward civilization is the improvement of their speech. A community with a barbarous tongue can not but be barbarians. Now, the effect of Bible translation is to elevate the language. The ideas of Scripture, unrivaled in vastness and sublimity, must enrich the tongue in finding utterance in it. Every first-class thinker and writer improves his dialect either in its vocabulary or its syntax. But the influence of the Scriptures upon language is one of the most striking phenomena that the philologist meets.

At the time the Bible was first translated into Latin, that language had attained its Augustan

maturity and perfection. A language thus thoroughly crystallized is not easily impressed. But there is a curious instance cited by writers on philology of the influence of Christianity upon the Latin. Among the things found wanting in that tongue was a word to express the Scriptural idea of tribulation. The classic writers had made use of the word "afflictio." But primarily this word meant, according to Ainsworth, a "casting down to the ground." This might do for heathens, but not for the consolatory faith of the Christian. The Church fathers accordingly coined a new word—"tribulatio," from "tribulo," to thrash; meaning by this that, as by thrashing the wheat is disengaged from the straw and chaff, so by tribulation are the worthless parts of our nature removed. And seen in the light of this beautiful etymology, the throng "that have come up out of much tribulation" are the wheat, safely garnered now, that has but recently been subjected to the flail of God's providence.

The gift of tongues belongs yet to the Gospel. To this day every man hears in his own tongue wherein he was born. While its truths are inflexibly and eternally the same, the Word of God condescends to suit its tones to the different tempers of mankind. And who can withhold admiration from that truth which, while forever the same, is yet so kaleidoscopic, presenting itself under so many various forms to the several nations of the earth? Or who can refrain from adoring the Wisdom and Mercy that make the Holy Scriptures, while accomplishing their main design in the salvation of them that believe, prove a blessing to every nation and tribe under heaven by preserving and elevating their literature, by enriching their speech, and contributing in a thousand different ways to their intellectual and moral advancement.

#### KNOW WHAT THOU CANST WORK AT.

EVER, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague, wavering capability and fixed, indubitable performance what a difference! A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, *know thyself* till it be translated into this partially possible one, *know what thou canst work at*.

#### JEREMY TAYLOR—HIS TIMES AND COMPEERS.

FIRST PAPER.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

JEREMY TAYLOR, born in 1613 and dying in 1667, lived in a stirring and dramatic epoch of his country's history. From his birth to his death persons and events crowd the stage, and then, like the dissolving views of a magic lantern, disappear, to be succeeded by others equally strange and striking. It was an age of contrasts. The extremes of iron rule and unbridled lawlessness met together, and brought forth people of marked individuality, who so impress themselves upon our minds and memories that we seem to have seen them with our bodily eyes. When Taylor was born, James the First, a weak and puling king, heavy in person and of awkward gait, with thick tongue and slobbering lips, sat upon the throne. The son of the marvelously-lovely Mary of Scotland, and the weak but handsome Henry Darnley, he inherited none of the personal gifts of his parents. But traits of the grandmother's character were exhibited by his son and successor, Charles the First. In him there was the same want of transparency and truth, and the same lack of wisdom, combined with an equal power of drawing friends and adherents round him. Like Mary, too, Charles died under the ax of the executioner; and now while one party names him traitor and another martyr, the world has not yet decided whether Mary was a guilty or an injured woman. When the curtain rises which fell over a bloody scene, we behold in the place of the graceful, mild-eyed Charles his perfect contrast. In Oliver Cromwell we see one uncomely in visage, stern in demeanor, cool-headed, austere, yet of deep and fervid nature. The poet Waller made England lay her weary head upon his bosom when exhausted by the civil conflicts of the day; and there she found rest till her supporter himself found the rest of the tomb. Then, lo! a mighty change! The nation, tired of restraint, comes forth with shout and song to place upon the throne the son of him who twelve years previously had perished on the scaffold. Then came one riotous, disgraceful festival. When England sneers at the vices of other countries, let her remember what was her own state then. Jeremy Taylor did not live to see the noble struggle for liberty that took place in the succeeding reign. He died seven years after the Restoration. Those were dark days for England. Her influence abroad had waned, and a licentious and extravagant court was wasting the national finances and bringing discredit on

her name at home. Well has one said, "They had buried Oliver at Tyburn, but all the gold of England could not purchase Oliver's imperial mantle to fall upon the shoulders of that impotent and careless king. Language, as is always the case, deteriorated with morals. Cant was a synonym for piety, and gallantry for licentiousness. The plays of Shakspeare were set aside for the flippant and immoral dramas of the day, and "the generation among which Milton had been formed to the sweet sanctity of wisdom and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly." The greatest men were either in enforced or voluntary exile. Milton, blind and helpless, though still grand and regal as his own Samson Agonistes, was mourning in solitude over "the evil days" on which his country had fallen; and John Bunyan was writing his immortal allegory in a noisome prison on the margin of the Ouse. Jeremy Taylor lived long enough to see his hopes for England's prosperity under her new monarch clouded in darkness, and to understand the worthless character of one whom his influence had helped to place upon the throne.

Jeremy Taylor was five years younger than Milton and Clarendon. The great statesman and the great poet were born and died in the same year. He was two years younger than Archbishop Leighton, and four years the senior of Algernon Sydney. In an age rich in theological literature we may place him as the central figure of a group each one of whom has spoken to the world

"In words that echo still."

Hallam, a cool and cautious critic, who never errs through enthusiasm, has pronounced him "the greatest ornament of the English pulpit up to the middle of the seventeenth century;" while he censures at the same time the length of his sentences and the over-richness of his style. A contrast to him in this respect was his cotemporary Dr. Thomas Fuller. Fuller was witty, terse, sententious. "I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince," he somewhere says. "As to our minister he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than that hot from the spit, raw and half roasted." "God hath humbled many painful pastors in making them to be clouds to rain not over Arabia the Happy, but over the Stony Desert; yet such may comfort themselves that great is their reward in heaven." Treasures of wisdom and piety are found in the works of this

able divine, who was born in the same year as Milton, and died six years before Jeremy Taylor. Archbishop Leighton was another ornament in that galaxy of Christian ministers. To him earth was but a stepping-stone to heaven. He resigned dignities that had been forced upon him in the reign of the second Charles to close his life in privacy and seclusion. He died several years later than Taylor, though he was two years his senior. There was Owen, three years younger than Taylor, the learned and excellent Independent minister, of whom his people were so justly proud, and whom to this day they surname "The Prince" and "The Oracle" of the pulpit. Then also lived Baxter, the heavenly soul, who, like Paul, seems to have looked into the inner sanctuary and bathed his spirit in its "ampler ether and diviner air." Hating no party, he would yet be ruled by none; and of his works the learned Barrow says, "his controversial writings were seldom confuted, and his practical writings never mended." The "silver-tongued Bates" is still remembered as the "Cicero of the Puritan pulpit" in the seventeenth century; and Howe and Flavel are beloved names in their own and other Churches; while the learning and the eloquence of Barrow are the boast of the university in which he filled a professorship till he resigned it in favor of his friend Sir Isaac Newton. A wonderful phalanx of the ministers of the true Church did God raise up in those distracted times to breast the tide of evil that threatened to sweep away its bulwarks! But "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Jeremy Taylor was born in the town of Cambridge, of poor but virtuous parents. Though he boasted no titled ancestors, there was one of his family in whom he well might glory—the good Rowland Taylor, whose Christian life and martyr's death in the reign of Bloody Mary is recorded in the annals of the Church. He entered Caius College at the age of thirteen, so we may apply to himself a quaint expression of his concerning Sir George Dalston, and say, "bred in learning, Cambridge was his tiring-room." There the works of ancient authors were diligently sifted and thoroughly committed to memory, and there he gathered together and laid by for future use those stores of classical antiquity with which he afterward, perhaps too profusely, delighted to dress his thoughts. In his eighteenth year he was admitted to holy orders, and soon after, through the influence of a friend, was invited to preach at St. Paul's in London. There his eloquence and rare personal beauty attracted great attention, and one of his biographers speaking of him at that time, most

extravagantly likens him to "a young angel descended from the realms of glory." Archbishop Laud heard of him, and invited him to preach at Lambeth. All have heard of Taylor's witty answer to the Primate, who, after commending his preaching, said he was too young for his office—"I humbly beg your grace to pardon that fault. I promise to amend it if I live." Laud soon after made him his private chaplain, and gave him a fellowship at Oxford. He did not know the character of the man he patronized—no plastic tool to be used at his bidding, but one who in a day of cruel intolerance would stand forth to plead for liberty of conscience, and who was complained of by bigots for "making the roof of the sanctuary wide enough" to shelter those who held religious opinions differing from their own. Taylor remained four years at Oxford, adding to those stores of learning which he ever used in the service of his Lord. Of his inner life we know nothing: in those days the secret exercises of the soul were rarely spoken of. By the ripe fruit that clustered on the branch it was known who were grafted on the true Vine; but the process of grafting was not often revealed to us. In 1637 Taylor left Oxford to become Rector of Uppingham. There as pastor, husband, and father, he entered upon a new and, no doubt, a happier phase of life. None have ever complained of incongruity between his teachings and his actions, so we may reasonably imagine him the faithful exponent of his own words, living at Uppingham "with pure heart, and intentions spotless; not burdened with secular affairs, but desiring that the work of God and religion should go on, caring not who should be the instrument." Of his wife, who died at Uppingham after the birth of two sons, we know but little; but he who viewed marriage as "a nursery for heaven," and "the greatest interest in the world next to the last throw for eternity," would not have been likely to have made an injudicious choice. Soon after the death of his wife we find Taylor hastening to join his royal master, whose cause had by this time become a hopeless one at Oxford. "It was a time," says Fuller, "when the bells of the church steeples were not heard for the sound of drums and trumpets." But we are told that Taylor preached to the army at Oxford, and attended to his literary labors as well. The poor king could do nothing for his faithful servant but have him made a Doctor of Divinity, a favor which the University had lately bestowed so indiscriminately as materially to lessen the honor. Taylor was soon compelled to seek an asylum of safety in Carmarthenshire, Wales; but a year after he is again with the royalists, till taken

prisoner by the Parliamentary forces. His imprisonment was of short duration, after which we again find him in retirement in Wales, and married a second time to a lady of wealth and beauty. In the dedication to one of his noblest works, *The Liberty of Propheying*, we find this beautiful allusion to his retreat: "In the great storm which dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed the rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not have hoped for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence that it broke a cable and lost my anchor; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that neither distinguishes things nor persons; and but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of the waves had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all opportunities of content and study." But the little plank seems to have slipped from under him; for we again find him imprisoned, though but for a short time. His last interview with Charles, to whom he always remained a devoted servant, took place in 1647, when he gave Taylor the watch he had worn, and a few pearls and rubies that had decorated the cover of his Bible. In that year came out *The Liberty of Propheying*, which he tells us was composed in poverty and imprisonment. His wife's fortune had probably been consumed by fines and sequestrations. *The Liberty of Propheying* is an eloquent plea for toleration of religious opinion in an age of bitter sectarianism. Milton and Taylor were the apostles of civil and religious liberty at a time when the press was fettered, and men imprisoned for the expression of a proscribed opinion. After the death of the king Taylor found a generous patron in the Earl of Carberry; and from the neighborhood of his princely residence many of his finest works went forth into the world. Golden Grove is connected in our minds with greatness and goodness, with poetry and music. The poet Milton and the poet Taylor—for his sermon on the death of Lady Carberry is surely a finished poem—have each thrown the charm of their genius around those who lived and died within its walls. The mansion stood amidst scenery both grand and beautiful in a picturesque valley in Llanfihangel. The poet Dyer, who was also a painter, has, with an artist's pencil, delineated every feature of the landscape in his *Grongar Hill*. Frances, the first Lady Carberry, was a dear friend of Taylor's. She died during his residence in the neighborhood, and there he preached that inimitably beautiful



sermon on her character which has led many to seek a further acquaintance with his works. The second Lady Carberry was Alice, daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, and the original of one of the most graceful and charming poems in the English language—the Lady of Comus. That lovely vision was suggested to the mind of Milton by the simple incident of her being lost in a forest and separated from her two brothers one night on her return to her father's castle. This was but a short distance from Milton's early home, and Milton may have looked upon her fair face before his own eyes were veiled in darkness. How vividly he describes her as being ministered to by celestial beings!

Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Began to cast a beam upon her outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turned it by degrees to the soul's essence  
Till all was made immortal.

His *Apology for the Liturgy* was published in 1649, with a preface, in which he craves leave "to remember Jerusalem, and call to mind the pleasures of the temple, the order of her services, the beauty of her buildings, and the sweetness of her songs" in a spirit that recalls the tender and pathetic music of the 137th Psalm. For several years after this fresh theological works and repeated imprisonments form the record of his life. In the year 1665, when greatly in need of assistance, he found it in the friendship of the accomplished and virtuous John Evelyn. We have always regretted that there were so few notices of Taylor in that dusty old diary which, dim and time-stained, was wrested from the house-maid's grasp on being drawn forth from the ancient records of Holton. With a casual mention of Christopher Wren, the carver Gibbons, and gallant Prince Rupert, there are also notices of Taylor; but they are all too brief to satisfy those who love his character and hunger for more knowledge of his daily life. Some of Taylor's most precious works were addressed to Evelyn, who constituted him his spiritual director, and in his journal beseeches God Almighty to make him ever mindful of and thankful for Taylor's heavenly assistance. In a letter of consolation to Evelyn on the loss of two of his children, Taylor tells him, "Their state is safe, and heaven is given them on very easy terms—nothing but to be born and die." In 1658, after a succession of imprisonments which seem to have brought him into a state of great indigence, the Earl of Conway procured an alternate lectureship for Taylor in the north of Ireland. It was a situation quite unworthy of his genius and learning, with a stipend too small even to pay for the removal of his family. He settled

himself at Portmore, near the seat of Lord Conway, a princely mansion near two lakes, each studded with woody isles. To these islands Taylor loved to retire to study and to pray, and here, as at Golden Grove, tradition preserves the memory of his favorite haunts. But from this sweet retirement he is again summoned to a prison, where he seems to have remained till the Restoration in 1660. The first use he made of his liberty was to finish and dedicate to Charles II a learned theological work, which Heber remarks, "the world has been less anxious to study than to talk about and admire." After the Restoration the bishoprick of Down and Connor was given Taylor, thus removing a man of his talents and acquirements at a distance from the Court and his early associations. He was too virtuous and independent a character to be needed in the atmosphere of London. Soon after his elevation to the bishoprick he was appointed Vice Chancellor to the University of Dublin. Here he found tumult, discord, and bitter sectarian strife, which he with his usual meekness and wisdom strove to allay. He endeavored to unite opposing sects by preaching moderation to his own party, and inviting the Puritanical clergy to friendly conferences. Eventually, though at first this course was condemned by all, his gentleness and perseverance won the majority to his opinion. So he lived seven years longer at Portmore, ever laboring for Christ by his actions and his pen. Though a lover of peace he had led a stormy life, and as he reached its close darker clouds than ever gathered in the horizon. He had lost young children in his early days; but most sweetly he said, "their condition of a blessed immortality is rendered secure to them by being snatched from an evil choice, and carried to their little cells of felicity where they can weep no more." In other sorrows, "the rhubarb had proved medicinal, the rough leaf of the tree had brought forth fruit in its foldings, and healing plantain grew up and twined about the cross." He had prayed that his children might "never lead vicious lives, nor die violent or untimely deaths;" yet one of his sons was killed in a duel, and the other died a victim to dissipation at the castle of the Duke of Buckingham, a few weeks previous to the death of his father. He had been intended for the Church, and his sad end probably hastened his father's decease. Bishop Taylor died in July, 1667, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of Down, leaving a sweet and lovely memory behind him. In a second paper we shall have somewhat more to say of this good and great man, and of some of his contemporaries.

## FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

## FORT COFFEE.

SOME twelve or fifteen miles west of Fort Smith, on the south bank of the Arkansas River, a narrow neck of uplands extends to the river, forming a bold promontory as much as a hundred feet above the level of the water. A gentle declivity for a few hundred yards to the river terminates in a perpendicular bluff over sixty feet in height. It is formed of irregularly-stratified rock, detached portions of which have fallen from time to time into the bed of the stream below. The sides of the bluff slope gently down to the bottom lands, which in time of high water are subject to inundation. The edge of the bluff overhanging the river is fringed with a stunted growth of crooked, gnarly cedars, whose roots reach far down into the crevices and fissures of the massive rock. The trees are hoary with age, but the crumbling away of the rock and the exposure of the roots have checked their growth, and their scraggy, shriveled branches show that life has been a struggle for many years. Further back from the weather-beaten and sun-dried cliff stands a beautiful grove of thrifty young cedars. Small pines, large oaks, and other forest trees are scattered thinly over the bluff, giving it a pleasant and romantic appearance. A few large elms stand here and there like sentinels, bearing thrifty tufts of the curious mistletoe. Nothing seen in nature affords a more striking figure of true charity than these vigorous trees supporting and subsisting their family of parasites, so entirely dissimilar from them in every outward characteristic. They have nothing in common except those remote principles which connect the vegetable kingdom and proclaim it to be the product of one great Mind. The one draws its nourishment from the ground, the other obtains its subsistence from the generous tree on which it grows; the one stands erect, the other is supported by its benefactor; the one has a deciduous leaf, the other is an evergreen; the one dies of old age, the other terminates its existence when the life of its benefactor ceases to afford it nourishment; the one is independent of its associate, the other is dependent for its very life. The entire bluff is carpeted with a rich sward of blue-grass, which in that mild climate is green all the year round. Altogether it is a magnificent natural park, and among the most charming spots to be found any where.

In days of yore a fort was located here. Its natural beauty and commanding situation doubt-

less were the reasons for the selection of the site as a military post. It was named Fort Coffee, after one of our army officers, which cognomen it still bears, and is destined to retain in all time to come. When the western boundary-line of Arkansas was surveyed and located, in 1838, the garrison was removed further down the river, and Fort Smith was established on the line separating the State from the Indian Territory. On the most elevated part of the Fort Coffee bluff stood the old soldiers' barracks. They consisted of two rows of buildings, of hewed logs, one story high, with a rough stone chimney at the end of each room, and a wide porch on both sides. Each row was a hundred feet in length, running parallel with each other across the bluff, and a hundred feet apart. Nearer the river stood the guard-house, a strong, square log structure, surmounted by a watch-tower and a flag-staff, from which the stars and stripes of our National banner were displayed in the wilds of the Indian frontier. From this watch-tower the sentinel had a view of the river for miles, and could descry the Indian's light canoe as it flitted along the waters of the shore, and could detect the stealthy skulkings of the red man in the adjacent forests. On the side where the fort stood are the lands of the Choctaw Indians, one of the largest and most powerful tribes of the West, while on the opposite side of the river the Cherokees were located, who boasted that they could marshal twenty thousand warriors into the field in an emergency. What scenes transpired here during its occupancy as a fort can only be conjectured. These isolated military stations have a history of unwritten deeds of crime and shame which will never be disclosed till the day of judgment. The department at Washington receives stated reports from its officials, but a thousand private and incidental scenes are enacted whose chapters are never spread out for the inspection of the world. Most of the commandants of these frontier posts are worthy men; many of their subordinates, however, are of different character. The strictness of military discipline is lax, and the usual forms of law not existing in the country around, the standard of morality becomes very low, and the opportunities to detect and punish crime are few and imperfect.

Scenes at Fort Coffee, however, have greatly changed. When it was abandoned by the army a shrewd Choctaw took possession of the premises in the character of a "squatter sovereign," and vigorously and successfully maintained his right. In 1843 a plan was entered upon to establish a mission school at the place, and the Indian occupant was bought out for a handsome

consideration. When I first visited the place, in 1845, it presented a delightful scene. The measured tread of armed troops over the grounds had ceased, and the place was animated with cheerful Choctaw school-boys gathered in from the forests. The stern military commandant was no longer there to govern with the sword; the pacific missionary with his Bible now managed the premises. The occupants were no longer waked by the reveille of the drum, but hymns of praise to God greeted the dawn of day. The Prince of Peace reigned where military rule had before swayd the scepter, and reminded one of the Scripture—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

The old barracks had been renovated and repaired. Some of the rooms had been converted into dormitories for the students, one large room had been appropriated as a school-room, another as a dining-hall, and others were used for store-rooms. The officers' quarters had been removed, and a comfortable two-story frame building was erected for the accommodation of the missionaries and their families. This building being placed at right-angles with the barracks, and at the end between the two parallel lines, the structures presented the form of a parallelogram, open on one end. In the center of the area between, where the old magazine once stood, was erected a square post, on which was surmounted a bell, by whose sound the affairs of the institution were regulated after the most systematic order. About ten acres of the bluff were inclosed with a tall picket fence, terminating on each side of the bluff at the river. These preparations had been made by Rev. W. H. Goode, now of the North Indiana Conference, who was the first superintendent of the mission. He was assisted by Rev. H. C. Benson, at present a member of the California Conference, who was the first teacher of the school. The contract with the Indian authorities had been made by Rev. E. R. Ames, at the time one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was stipulated that a manual-labor school should be established and placed under the management of the Methodist Episcopal Church for twenty years, subject to certain restrictions. Six thousand dollars were to be appropriated annually from the Choctaw educational fund, and one thousand dollars was to be paid annually by our Missionary Society. The students were to be lodged, boarded, and clothed by the institution, and taught all the branches of a common school education, together with an academic course, and also the arts of labor.

Such was Fort Coffee Mission when the writer entered upon his labors there in the Fall of 1845. The first missionaries had left, and others were occupied in administering affairs.

The superintendent of the mission was a transfer from one of the Conferences in Tennessee. He was a man about fifty years of age, small in stature, slender, and delicate in frame, with hooked nose and dark eye. He possessed but little energy, and had no system in any thing; took matters quite easy, and smoked his long-stemmed pipe with the devotion and constancy of a New Amsterdam burgomaster. He was intensely Southern in his feelings and prejudices, vindicated the "patriarchal institution," bitterly denounced Northern abolitionism, and showed no little partiality in his administration to those who were "to the manor born." He was, however, pious and conscientious, and did very well in his position, considering his strong prejudices and defective business habits, being systematic in nothing except smoking. There was an undercurrent of genial good humor in his composition which made him a pleasant companion with those whom he chanced to like. As a preacher he was only fair. In literature he was defective, though his association with the cultivated had given him some polish. He never acquired much influence with the Indians, being without those traits which they most admire, and which form their standard of greatness. He had an amiable and pious family, but being accustomed to the softness of a Southern life, where slaves performed all the labor, they were not prepared to take any active part in the affairs of the mission. Altogether the appointment was not fortunate for the institution; but it accorded with the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which was to disseminate a strong pro-slavery sentiment among the Indians.

My first associate in the school was Rev. Mr. M., who had been transferred from another Southern Conference. He was a widower, about thirty-five years of age, and had never been accustomed to the rugged life and hard fare of the frontier. He was kind-hearted, susceptible, and superstitious, almost as simple as a child. Utterly without angles of character or any strong positive traits, he seemed incapable of exerting any influence either for good or evil. His health was also very poor, so that he was able to be in the school but little of his time. Bodily infirmities affected his mind so as to make him weak and inefficient, sometimes hypochondriac. Every body treated him kindly and sympathized with him, yet we all felt that he was not in his place. Still he had an ambi-

tion to be an Indian missionary, and aspired to the hero in adventure. He had a child's passion for every thing curious in Indian custom. Though he was only a few months at the mission, yet he gathered a large collection of curiosities, consisting of tomahawks, pipes, bows and arrows, beaded moccasins, fringed leggins, dyed leather, skunk-skin bags, strings of beads, trinkets, and nameless other articles of the kind. He had brought two fancy guns with him to the Indian country, and taxed the boys largely with hunting excursions of a few hundred yards into the bottoms below the mission. He was ambitious to shoot wild-cats, catamounts, and other noxious animals that infested the thickets, but he had not the courage to encounter them in their harbors. He would send the Indian boys into the swamps for the purpose of driving out the vermin to a safe place where he might shoot them, always retaining a body-guard and an interpreter for emergencies, and warning all of the risks attending his terrible forays. The boys had infinite amusement with the whims and caprices of the doughty Nimrod; but they had been taught strict obedience to the missionaries, and therefore yielded to all his plans. The chase was scarcely less pastime for the game, which always managed to escape. Brother M. was haunted with constant dread of forays from marauding Indians and attacks from wild beasts. He never ventured out alone, and would not leave the mission at night. He slept up stairs, kept his door and windows barricaded and his guns loaded. Every new arrival at the mission suggested to his disordered imagination some sinister purpose and portended scenes of robbery and bloodshed. There was a shed roof in the rear of his room just below the windows, and near by stood a cluster of old elm-trees, whose branches overhung part of the roof. If an owl happened to light in these old trees by night and began its hooting noise the nervous occupant in the upper room aroused every one in the building and beat to arms, till the innocent bird, alarmed by the clatter and confusion, would leave for more quiet regions. A gang of domestic cats were kept about the premises. One dark, muggy night brother M. was startled from his slumbers by their strange noises about the old elms and on the shed roof. Instantly the alarm was given, and we were all aroused by the cry at the head of the stairs, "Wild-cats! wild-cats!" The superintendent humored the joke mischievously, refusing to leave his room, till the terror-stricken M. was almost frantic with fear.

Seeing that brother M. could be of no service to us at the mission, a scheme was arranged for

his peaceable removal. The presiding elder, brother T., undertook the engineering of the plan, and great caution was used, knowing that the object would be effected with difficulty. Brother T. was an old frontier man, and could speak from experience and extended observation. He affected great regret, but assured my associate that the exposed life of a missionary in that malarious climate was a hardship which his delicate constitution could not endure. He succeeded in inducing him to return to the States, giving him a certificate of honorable dismissal. Brother M. accordingly packed up his guns and cabinet of Indian curiosities, with some printed books in the Choctaw language, and, after a farewell sermon and other parting ceremonies, he took a boat down the Arkansas River with his face turned toward civilization. No doubt he had many perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes to relate when he reached his friends at home, where his cabinet of curiosities must have attracted great attention. No one was more relieved by this change than myself, having had the care of over sixty students, most of the time unassisted in the school-room, and altogether without help on the farm. Yet I had no hand in the affair of his removal; my sympathies were all with him, and I could not but feel that he had been imposed on. He was what Peter Cartwright would call "green," but his heart was right, and even his weaknesses were virtuous.

My second associate in the school was brother L., a layman from the State of Arkansas. He was a pious man, a member of the Church, an efficient teacher, and in all respects a man that it was pleasant to be associated with. We labored in harmony together nearly a year. My third colleague in the school was the son of the superintendent, who had just graduated at Randolph-Macon college, in Georgia. He was young, inexperienced, effeminate, and inefficient.

The daily and weekly routine of the school was the following: The first bell in the morning was the signal for all to arise, wash, and dress; the second called them to the school-room for morning devotions, which consisted of reading a chapter from the Bible, singing and prayer. From the school-room we went to the dining-room for breakfast, and from breakfast to work on the farm and about the premises. A third ringing of the campus bell called all in from labor. At nine o'clock the school opened, and closed at twelve. An hour was allowed for dinner and recreation. Three hours more of school in the afternoon, and then work again for an hour and a half. All were called in from



work by our great bell and presently the evening services were held in the school-room, and supper followed. At nine o'clock at night the bell sounded the signal for all to retire, and at ten the round of the dormitories was made to see that all things were in order. First up and last to bed was not the most pleasant part of the routine, but the law was so construed that this duty fell to the lot of the principal of the school. Saturday forenoon was spent altogether in work. After dinner the students were assembled at the office, and a change of clothing distributed, the garments being all numbered, and each boy responding to his number as registered on the roll-book. Saturday afternoon was allowed for hunting, fishing, and other recreations, limiting the range within a certain distance from the mission premises. On the Sabbath we had morning and evening worship and meals as usual, Sabbath school at nine, preaching at eleven, class meeting at three, and prayer meeting at night. Alternating with the superintendent, we preached regularly at two other places on the Sabbath. We held a prayer meeting on every Thursday night, a temperance meeting once a month, had lectures and other meetings as occasion required. This routine continued without intermission ten months of the year. August and September were the months of our vacation, when the students scattered to their homes, and the missionaries, with a few homeless orphans, remained on the premises, or visited by turns in the neighborhood or in the State below.

Our cooks were a part of the time a German and his family, and a part of the time a slave and his wife. Besides these we had two slave women hired, the one to do the washing and ironing, and the other to keep the rooms in repair. One of the stipulations made in providing for the school was to the effect that the missionaries and their families should eat at the same table with the students. This arrangement was suggested by some shrewd Indians in order to secure good fare for the students. But it was really a wise regulation, preventing suspicions and jealousies which otherwise might have been occasioned. Our fare was plain. We had corn-bread five days of the week three times a day, and wheat bread, when we could get the flour, on Wednesdays and Sundays; meat and vegetables for dinner, coffee for breakfast, molasses for breakfast and supper, butter and milk to the extent of our limited dairy, and hominy at all times without stint. I became so surfeited with hominy in three years that I eat none since, having in that short period eaten enough for a lifetime.

We had over sixty students in attendance. They were of various ages, from ten years to twenty-five. They had been selected from all parts of the Choctaw country, from the Arkansas to Red River. The majority were pure-blooded Indians, a number were of mixed blood, having various degrees of white, a few were almost entirely white. Some had been at the school two years, others were entering for the first time. When they came in they were generally accompanied by their fathers, sometimes also by their mothers and older brothers, all riding on ponies. A certificate signed by the chief and trustee of the district in which the pupil lived was necessary to secure admission. The old men usually staid a day or two at the mission, inspecting every thing carefully and silently, and when ready to leave they announced themselves through our interpreter for a "talk." We always gave them the privilege of addressing the school, attending strictly to the tedious formalities customary among the red men. They always expressed themselves pleased with the arrangements of the school, sometimes with enthusiastic admiration, and then gave the boys such advice as they deemed proper. Every mature Indian is an orator, and speaks before an audience without betraying the least timidity or hesitation; all are deliberate, and many of them really eloquent in speech. Age and experience are respected among them. Some of the school were considerably advanced in letters, and had the language, dress, and manners of the Anglo-Saxon; yet they listened with the utmost decorum to the unlettered man of the woods in his native costume, nor did they seem to give any preference to the counsel of the more educated and refined.

The boys were brought into the school variously dressed, according to the extent that Indian customs had been laid aside and those of the white man adopted. Nearly all were barefooted and bareheaded; they usually had long hair, sometimes braided and queued. Shearing, washing, and dressing were the first operations to which they were required to submit at the mission. Most of the pure-blooded boys had but one name, which was generally long and unpronounceable. These Indian names were not patronymics, but were given in allusion to some circumstance or trait of character, or some admired object in nature. These crabbed cognomens we changed into double English names by consent of the pupil, and of the father when he could be consulted. They not only acquiesced in this change, but were generally delighted with it. By these changes our mission rejoiced in the distinguished gentlemen, Thomas Jeffer-

son, John Randolph, Joshua Soule, Thomas A. Morris, Matthew Simnson, William Hunter, and a number of lesser lights. After the first missionaries were gone we retained their names by naming two of the newly-arrived students William H. Goode and Henry C. Benson. These new names are used in the baptism of such as become religious, and will always be retained.

The progress which the Indian boys made in their studies was fair, about what white boys would make at the same age, allowing something for the disadvantages of having to acquire a new language. They excelled in penmanship, of which they are passionately fond. They delight also in singing, and have stronger and better voices than the same number of white boys. Some of them entered upon the study of Algebra and Latin the fourth year after they were taken from their homes and taught the alphabet. One of the rules of the school required the pupil to use the English language altogether in conversation. This was deemed necessary in order to assist them in acquiring the language. They were, however, allowed to read their own language, and also to sing and pray in their vernacular tongue. The Choctaw language has no alphabet. None of the languages among the partially-civilized tribes have, except the Cherokee, which is an invention of their own. The missionaries have provided a few elementary books in Choctaw, using the English letters; they have also translated parts of the Scriptures and hymns of devotion, so that as soon as our boys had acquired a knowledge of the alphabet and the sounds of the vowels, they could read their own books, with which they were much delighted.

Further incidents of the mission must be reserved for a future number.

#### HOLDING THE DIAMOND IN DIFFERENT ANGLES.

IF I have a precious diamond and want you to see it and appreciate its beauty I hold it up at different angles, I put it in different lights, I show it by sunlight and by candlelight, I put it at one angle and then at another angle, I put it in various settings, and thus you are able to see the spark of beauty that breaks from it and proves it to be of the first water. So what the preacher is to do is merely to give the Bible, if I may be pardoned the expression, a setting, to take the precious stone and hold it up at every angle, and put it in every light, and try to convince you by allowing you to see it, how precious it is in the estimate of God, how profitable it is if man has grace only justly to appreciate it.

#### AN INVALID FOR LIFE.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

BACK from the crumbling brink of that lone stream,  
Whose silent flow  
Sends consternation to the faithless heart,  
Slowly I go;  
Borne gently by some latent power, some kind,  
Mysterious hand,  
Wherefore or whither He who guides alone  
Can understand.  
I, who had thought with human life ere this  
To have been done,  
Had vaguely deemed its trials well-nigh past—  
Its victories won.  
Come back to thy green shores, O, waiting earth!  
Not as before;  
My weary hands can take their customary toil  
No more—no more.  
An invalid for life—O, what a grave!  
How deep and wide,  
Where sunny dreams, and plans, and budding hopes  
Sleep side by side!  
Such depths of lonely solitude, inwrought  
With grief and pain,  
Make life a seeming blank, and yet we know  
None live in vain.  
And in and over all God's love doth shine  
So calm and clear,  
That gloom and sadness yield to sweet content,  
For He is near.  
An invalid for life—O, hallowed chrisom  
Of love divine!  
Meekly to thy sweet unction let me yield  
This heart of mine.  
Till every yearning thought and wish subdued,  
O, gracious One!  
Cry out in consecrated unison,  
"Thy will be done."

#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

BIND me a wreath of the Autumn leaves,  
Crimson, purple, and gold,  
Gather them up like the reaper's sheaves  
Dropped on the careless mold;  
Loosen their stems from the roughening bark,  
Shower the bright leaves down;  
The frost-king hath left his signet-mark,  
They will soon grow sear and brown.  
Twine me a wreath of the sunshine dyes  
Spangling the wild-wood height;  
When the Wint'ry winds and the dark clouds rise  
They will circle my brow with light.  
Beautiful memories are Autumn leaves,  
Gather them while ye may,  
Garlands of gladness the soul receives,  
Dropped from the world of day.

## VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

XXXV.

## THE CYCLES OF MATTER.

WE now return to our former stand-point, and inquire whither is matter tending? By the action of gravity all self-attracted matter is tending toward a dead and stagnant level. It is gathering about local centers, and accumulating masses which in turn will be gathered about a greater center; till the universe of matter, having accomplished its mission in the distant realms of space, will return and rest from its labors. Electrical action is unequal to the task of perpetuating the movements of matter; for such action is but the struggle of opposite electricities to unite. Caloric will not suffice to occasion a perpetual recurrence of the disturbance of these electricities; for caloric action is in turn but the struggle of an excess of heat to escape to some body in which a deficiency exists. Calorific disturbance can not be endlessly maintained by combustion, or any other form of chemical action; for in the lapse of ages every chemical substance must have found its affinity. When the chemical forces have exhausted themselves—when a uniform temperature pervades all matter—when the electricities are firmly locked in each other's embraces, and organic existence, as a consequence of all this, has disappeared from creation, pray what natural agency remains to rouse these mighty forces from their last sleep? If any force still unknown to science shall further harass the weary elements, such action is but the dying struggle of another subject of the law of universal equilibrium; and when it shall have perpetuated the agitation of the universe for another epoch, will yield tamely to the sleep which has deadened the nerves of all its brothers.

If there exist any essentially-self-repellent matter in the universe, a similar struggle for the balance of forces will scatter it through immensity, till the intensest feeling of mutual aversion shall have been fully gratified, or till the lawless flight shall have been restrained by the bridle of gravity or some other restrictive force.

The tendency, then, of all physical forces toward a state of equilibrium and rest will result in a complete equilibrated diffusion of all self-repellent matter; and a concentration into one mass of all self-attractive matter.

When light, heat, electricity, and all other natural agents and forces have become uniformly distributed throughout matter, and have thus

been brought to a state of equilibrium, both in themselves and in respect to matter, there can not be either sun, star, or other radiant source of light and heat, or any of the motions produced by these agents in the organic or inorganic worlds.

When this end is finally consummated nature will again be in the state of final chaos; and only the Almighty mandate can send it forth upon a new cycle of evolutions.

When shall the stagnation and immobility of this second chaos be disturbed? How shall the resurrection of matter from this state of natural death be effected? Certainly not by the forces of nature; for they are in their graves. The action of natural laws can be traced no further. The most ardent advocate of spontaneous evolution of phenomena must pause at this adamant barrier: behind and beyond is only Omnipotence. When He wills life shall again quicken the dead elements, and new-born motion shall quiver through every fiber of the resurrected corpse. When He wills the imponderable agents will hie to their newly-appointed stations, and forcible disruption will sunder all the ties which had bound correlated existences together in their motionless and death-like embrace. Such a destruction of the equipoise of nature's forces would again dissolve the frigid mass, unlock the bonds of chemical affinity, sunder cohesive unions, and drive the atoms of matter to the remotest possible corners of the material universe, or to the periphery of the sphere of repulsive tendencies. Heat and cold would dissolve their alliance, and all the caloric of the universe would be gathered together; the mighty cosmical fires would again be kindled; the blackened masses would glow with a fervent heat; adamant walls would melt like ice in the furnace; molten rocks would burst into vapor, and the vast material universe would be again what it probably has been—an immensity of ethereal flame.

In this cosmical, igneous vapor the various forces of nature would begin again to seek their equilibria; heat would radiate into remoter space; the material atoms would move toward the center of gravity in proportion as the caloric repulsion should diminish; spontaneous rotation would ensue, accelerated as the mass should decrease; rings would separate and break up; world upon world would be detached, and each in its place would go whirling round its own center of gravity and that of the general mass; co-ordinate atoms would seek chemical unions; elements and compounds would successively liquefy and solidify; and others in regular order: the several planetary masses would go through with their evolutions and successive

adaptations to successive grades of organic existence, till again the disturbance would subside, and matter would relapse into ancient chaos.

If these generalizations from the observed laws of the physical world are carried out with any degree of correctness, what view are we compelled to take of the phenomena of nature as we find them transpiring at the moment of our sojourn on the earth? What are all the present motions of the universe, whether physical or physiological—what are rolling orbs, and Summer heats, and lightning flashes, and roaring torrents, and howling winds, and mad waves—what are solid miles of rocky sediments, and imbedded shells, and buried forests, and growing timber, and swarming populations in sea, and air, and earth—what are they all but the phenomena attendant upon the progression of matter toward a state of ultimate equilibrium? What is this active, moving, and living nature which we see all around us, but an agitation in the material universe caused by the interference of some supernatural agency—a momentary ripple produced by the hand of the Almighty in the ocean of matter—destined speedily to subside, and perhaps again to be raised by the breath of Omnipotent Power?

In the presence of such a conception as this, into what insignificance does a human being dwindle! If ages of geological history—if the earth itself play so insignificant a part in the stupendous drama of creation, where shall we find the relative place of man? What are his works? What are vast cities and the insect hum which they emit? What are grand old cathedrals with their "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults?" What are canals, and suspension-bridges, and aqueducts, and pyramids, and Chinese walls?—dust, and scratches, and stains; the tracks of insects on the ocean's beach; the breath of an infant in the tornado's blast—less, less than words can portray or imagination conceive.

What did we say? What is man in the concatenation of events which make up one of the vast cycles of matter? Man rises from the sentence we had uttered, and asserts his dignity manfully, proudly, divinely. What is man? He is more than all—he is nobler than all—dearer to his Creator than all. We spoke of the physical man. We now speak of that which is man—that conscious, intelligent something which is not involved in the vicissitudes even of ponderous worlds and proudly-rolling orbs—that indestructible essence which, for aught we know, is older than the Andes, and shall endure when the sun himself is a globe of cinders—that subtle existence which takes advantage of the body's

sleep and wanders out into infinity, beyond the "boundary between the things misnamed death and existence," and brings back knowledge which it *can not all forget*, and which, in spite of our skepticism and philosophy, *will* impress us that it has communed with spirits and lived a night in the angelic world. How noble a nature is that which can boast over a decaying universe, and feel a confidence that though the habitation in which it tents for a day shall be smitten at last with rot, and the foundations of the universe shall fail, it will still survive unharmed and pursue its studies even in

"The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds!"

The trite old apostrophe to "Immortal Hope" furnishes us with appropriate words which we can hardly forbear to apply to immortal man:

"When all the sister planets have decayed,  
When, wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,  
And heaven's last thunders shake the world below,  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

Perhaps we have reached the point where our speculations should be checked. If the reader's imagination, however, has been busy with that of which we have written, he can hardly be satisfied to pause just here. There are corollaries from the propositions enunciated; and not unlikely the reader's mind has outstripped the writer's pen in making out its catalogue of inferences. We must beg a generous indulgence for wandering so far from the dry facts of the science which has afforded the germ of such an inflorescence of speculation; and for straying still further into fields consecrated to the sandaled feet of theology.

1. It is not likely that the material universe is boundless. If this were so, all matter could never be brought into one mass, though forever tending toward one center, and accumulating there a mass of infinite dimensions. The support for this inference is drawn mainly from other considerations than those here presented.

2. There must have been a beginning to the series of the cycles of matter; otherwise the existence of matter was coeval with the existence of its Creator—an alternative which is absurd. We may, however, assert that the duration of matter may extend back beyond any assignable limit, and may thus be mathematically infinite.

3. If the age of matter is relatively finite, however incapable of expression by numbers, the Creator himself existed *an eternity* before the creation of matter, or even of spiritual existences.

4. It is not necessary to imagine the Creator inactive during this pre-eternity. Of his infi-



nite resources some occupation was provided suited to the Divine character, however the difficulty of conceiving it transcends our finite capabilities.

5. If the material universe is *not* infinite, there are infinite deserts of space beyond its limits, where the Divine attributes may find fitting exercise under a constitution of things essentially different from that under which we subsist.

6. The extreme similarity of conditions which science has disclosed, existing upon our earth and the other planets, renders it quite unlikely, in spite of the able assertions of some recent writers, that our earth is the only sphere in the vast train of planetary and stellar worlds which is adapted to the occupancy of embodied, intelligent creatures.

7. As disembodied existences we shall probably hereafter hold intercourse with dwellers upon other planets, and shall find the happiness of the future state exalted by the new knowledge which we shall acquire of the condition of other worlds, and the moral state of other grades of organic existence upon this.

8. While there are philosophic reasons for believing that the human race is not to be succeeded by any higher organism, it seems incompatible with the Creator's economy of habitable conditions, as illustrated upon our earth, to suppose that the almost infinite past and the almost infinite future of material history should all be intended for the short life of *one race* upon *one planet*, or the equally-short lives of other races upon the other planets.

9. While, then, our earth is destined to ultimate dissolution, we shall live to see it renovated again through a long cyclical series of changes, and again re-peopled by human beings.

10. It seems equally probable that the present is not the only series of formative revolutions which the matter of our world has undergone; but that in another cycle of its existence—or of the existence of matter—it, or a similar world, has had its revolutions, its upheavals, its denudations, its populations and depopulations, and finally its consummation of organic improvement in human races that passed into the invisible world before the *dawn* of the measureless eons of geology.

11. We shall probably greet all these ancient populations of preëxisting worlds, as well as those of worlds cotemporary with ours, with the sentiments of a common brotherhood, when we each in turn step from behind the material veil which shuts out our glances from the realm of happy spirits.

12. The vast duration of these great cosmic

cycles affords a presumption that departed spirits are not awaiting, in a state of unconsciousness, the final destruction of the earth and the formalities of a judgment-day. The nature of mind itself furnishes the same indication. Obliquity of any of the mental faculties—unconsciousness, insensibility, obliviousness, or any other abnormal state—is referable to a diseased condition of the material organism, through which, in our earthly state, our mental faculties express themselves; so that spirits freed from the incumbrances of an earthly body are incapable of unconsciousness, except by annihilation.

13. The soul, then, if in the moral state, which is normal, enters at once, on the dissolution of the body, upon a state of conscious and delightful activity. It joins at once the innumerable throng of those who have gone before, from all the worlds of space, in all the cycles of the history of matter.

14. Though our own perceptions can not penetrate that spiritual world; and though our minds, at least in their waking moments, can only act through material organs, it is probable that spiritual intelligences are able to take cognizance of material things, and even interest themselves in the affairs of our earth. We have no evidence, however, that their power or control extends any further into the domain of the visible and material, than ours does into that of the invisible and spiritual; or that the ordinations of each world debar the exchange of messages clothed in language intelligible at once to mortals and immortals.

But we check here our enchanted ramble through the domain of glowing possibilities and inspiring conceptions. We fear the reader, if not wearied to abandonment of our company, has more than once smiled at the facility with which we doom the universe, and unfold cycles of changes of which we can demonstrate nothing. We think we have done no more than follow out the operations of nature to their consequences, though we have had to lean upon the wing of imagination to span the immeasurable intervals. To say the least in our defense, it is harmless to speculate occasionally—always remembering that there may be a long distance between hypothesis and fact. We have suggested topics for thought to feed upon. We have looked in the face of nature, and it has mirrored Deity. The "Voices of Nature" spoke first of the earth and material things; and we have followed the thread of their discourse to Heaven. We have shown that to study Nature is to learn of God; and to understand the Deity is to investigate his works.

## PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

TRANSLATED FROM ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. E. F. GRAY, D. D.

## NAPOLEON EMPEROR.

THE next day after the battle of Austerlitz the Emperor Alexander of Austria came in person to beg that peace which he had broken. The interview of the two emperors took place near a mill, by the side of the road in the open air.

"Sire," said Napoleon, advancing to meet Francis II, "I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the past two months."

"You attract so large a party to your habitation that it ought to please you," replied the latter.

In that interview they agreed to an armistice, and the principal conditions of peace were fixed. The Russians, whom Napoleon had overwhelmed, were made partakers of the truce, on the prayer of the Emperor Francis, and on the simple parole of the Emperor Alexander that he would evacuate Austrian and Prussian Germany and Poland. The agreement was carried out, and he retired by daily stages.

The victory of Austerlitz was to the Empire what that of Marengo had been to the Consulate—the sanction of the past, the power of the future. King Ferdinand of Naples, having violated, during the last war, the treaty of peace with France, was declared divested of the royalty of the two Sicilies, which Joseph received in his place. The Batavian Republic, erected into a royalty, was given to Louis. Murat received the Grand Duchy of Berg. Marshal Berthier was made Prince of Neufchatel, and M. de Talleyrand Prince of Benevento. Dalmatia, Istria, Frioul, Cadore, Conegliano, Bellune, Treviso, Feltre, Bassano, Vicenza, Padua, and Rovigo, became Duchies; and the grand Empire, with its secondary royalties, its fiefs, its Confederation of the Rhine, and its Swiss Mediation, was cut out, in less than two years, on that of Charlemagne.

It was no longer a scepter which Napoleon held in his hand—it was a globe. The peace of Presburg lasted a year and a little more. During that year Napoleon founded the Imperial University, and caused to be promulgated the collection of the civil laws. Interrupted in the midst of these administrative labors by the hostile attitude of Prussia, whose neutrality during the last war had left her forces intact, Napoleon was immediately obliged to face a fourth coalition. Queen Louise reminded Alexander that he had sworn, on the tomb of Fred-

erick the Great, an indissoluble alliance against France. The Emperor Alexander forgot his second oath in order to keep in memory the first; and Napoleon received orders, under the penalty of war, to take his soldiers beyond the Rhine. Napoleon sends for Berthier, and shows him the ultimatum of Prussia. "They give us the resort of honor," said he to him; "a Frenchman never fails in that. And since a beautiful queen wishes to be a witness of the combat, let us be courteous and not oblige her to wait: let us march into Saxony before we sleep."

And this time he renews and surpasses in gallantry the campaign of Austerlitz. Begun on the 7th of October, 1806, by the corps of Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust, it is continued successive days by the battles of Austad, Schelitz, Saalfeld, and is terminated on the 14th by the battle of Jena. On the 16th 14,000 Prussians lay down their arms at Erfurt. On the 25th the French army made its entry into Berlin. Seven days have sufficed to deliver the Monarchy of Frederick to the grand builder and destroyer of thrones, who has given kings to Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Holland; who has chased the Bourbons from Naples, and the house of Lorraine from Italy and Germany.

On the 27th Napoleon, from his head-quarters at Potsdam, addressed to his soldiers the following proclamation, which sums up the whole campaign:

**SOLDIERS.**—You have justified my expectation and worthily responded to the confidence of the French people; you have endured privations and fatigues with as much courage as you have shown intrepidity and coolness—sang-froid—in the midst of battles; you are the worthy defenders of my crown, and of the glory of a great people. As long as you are animated by that spirit nothing can resist you. The cavalry has rivaled the infantry and artillery. I shall not know hereafter to what arm to give the preference—you are all good soldiers. Behold the results of your labors! One of the first powers of Europe, which dared lately to propose to us a shameful capitulation, is annihilated. The forests and defiles of Franconia, the Sale, the Elbe, which our fathers could not pass in seven years, we have run over in seven days; and we have, in that time, engaged in four combats and gained one great battle; the renown of our victories has gone before us to Potsdam, and to Berlin; we have taken sixty thousand prisoners, 65 flags, among which is that of the Guard of the King of Prussia; 600 pieces of artillery, three fortresses, and more than twenty generals. —In the mean time more than half of you regret that you have not had an opportunity of firing your guns. All the provinces of the Prussian Monarchy to the Oder are in our power.

Soldiers, the Russians boast that they are coming to us; we will march to meet them; we will spare them half the journey; we will find Austerlitz again in the center of Prussia. A nation which has so soon forgot-

ten the generosity with which it was treated after that battle, when its emperor, its court, the wrecks of its army had no safety but in capitulation—which we granted them—is a nation which does not know how to struggle with success against us. While we march upon the Russians, new armies, formed in the interior of the Empire, will soon take our place in order to guard our conquests.

All of my people are aroused and indignant at the shameful capitulation which the Prussian ministers, in their insanity, have proposed to me. Our roads and frontier towns are filled with conscripts who burn to march in your tracks. We will not hereafter be the sport of a treacherous peace, and we will no more lay down our arms till we have obliged the English—these eternal enemies of our nation—to renounce the project of troubling the continent and usurping the sovereignty of the seas.

Soldiers, I can not better express my sentiments than to tell you that I bear in my heart for you all the love you always manifest toward me.

While the King of Prussia, by virtue of the armistice signed on the 16th of November, surrendered to France all the places which belonged to her, Napoleon halted and turned toward England, which he strikes with a proclamation, in default of other arms. Great Britain is declared blockaded; all commerce and correspondence with the British isles are interdicted; no letter in the English language is to be carried in the mail; every subject of King George, of every age and condition, who may be found in France, or in the countries occupied by our troops, and by those of our allies, is declared a prisoner; all stores, property, and merchandise belonging to Englishmen are prizes; trade for merchandise belonging to England, or for products of her manufactories or colonies, is prohibited. Finally, no vessel coming from England or any of her colonies will be received in any port. Then, when he had thus, as political and supreme pontiff, excommunicated an entire kingdom, he named Gen. Hullin Governor of Berlin, confirmed to the Prince of Hatzfeld his civil command, and marched against the Russians, who, as at Austerlitz, hasten to the aid of their allies, and, as at Austerlitz, arrive after they are annihilated. Napoleon only takes time to send to Paris, where are laid up in the Hotel des Invalides the sword of Frederick the Great, his belt of the Black Eagle, his sash as General, and the standards which his Guard bore in the seven years' war; and leaving Berlin on the 25th of November, he marches before the enemy.

In front of Varsovie Murat, Davoust, and Lannes encounter the Russians. After a light engagement Benigsen evacuated the capital of Poland, and the French occupied it. The Polish people all arose to favor the French, and offer

their fortune, blood, life, and only ask in return independence. Napoleon learns of the first success at Posen, where he had stopped to make a king; that king was the old Elector of Saxony, whose crown he confirmed.

The year 1806 was closed by the combats of Pultusk and Golymin, and the year 1807 was opened by the battle of Eylau—a strange battle, and not decisive, in which the Russians lost 8,000 men, and the French 10,000; where each claimed the victory; and the Czar caused a *Te Deum* to be chanted for having left in our hands only 15,000 prisoners, forty pieces of cannon, and seven standards. But as it was the first time that the struggle had really been between him and Napoleon, and he had resisted, he was conqueror. His emotions of pride were short. On the 20th of May Dantzic was taken; some days after the Russians were beaten at Spanden, Domitten, Altkirchen, Wolfesdorf, Gunstadt, Hilsberg. At last, on the 13th of June, in the evening, the two armies found themselves in battle array before Friedland. The next morning a few guns are heard, and Napoleon marches upon the enemy, crying, "This day is an auspicious epoch; it is the anniversary of Marengo!" As at Marengo, in fact, the battle was supreme and definitive: the Russians were crushed. Alexander left 60,000 men lying on the battlefield, drowned in the Alle, or prisoners. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon and twenty-five flags were the trophies of victory; and the wrecks of the army conquered, not hoping even to resist, hastened to shelter itself by passing the Pegrel, and destroying all the bridges. Despite that precaution the French passed the river on the 16th, and marched immediately upon the Niemen, the last barrier which remained for Napoleon to pass in order to carry war into the territory of the Emperor of Russia.

Then the Czar was frightened; the prestige of British seductions vanished. He is in the same position as after Austerlitz, without the hope of receiving aid. He takes the resolution of humiliating himself the second time. That peace he had so obstinately refused, and whose articles he would dictate, he came now to beg for himself, and to receive the conditions of the conqueror. On the 21st of June an armistice is signed, and on the 22d the following proclamation was ordered to be placed before the army:

**SOLDIERS.**—On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy mistook the cause of our inactivity; he perceived too late that our repose was that of the lion: he repents having forgotten that. In the days of Gunstadt, of Heilsberg, in that of the ever-memorable Friedland—

in a word, in a campaign of ten days we have taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seventy standards, killed, wounded, or made prisoners of 60,000 Russians, taken all the magazines, hospitals, and ambulances of the enemy's army, the works of Koenigsberg, the vessels which were in its port, loaded with every species of munitions of war, 160,000 guns which England sent to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come to those of the Niemen with the rapidity of the eagle. You have celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of the coronation; you have this year worthily celebrated that of Marengo, which made an end to the war of the second coalition. Frenchmen, you have acted in a manner worthy of yourselves and of me. You will re-enter France covered with all your laurels, and after having obtained a peace which bears with it the guarantee of its permanency. It is time that your country should live in repose, sheltered from the malign influence of England. My favors will prove my gratitude and all the extent of the love I bear to you.

On the 24th of June the general commanding the artillery, La Riboisiere, built a raft on the Niemen, and on that a pavilion destined to receive the two emperors: each would proceed to the place from the bank which he occupied. On the 25th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Berg, Murat, Marshals Berthier and Bessieres, Gen. Duroc, and the Grand Equerry, Caulaincourt, quitted the left bank of the river in order to proceed to the pavilion prepared. At the same time the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the Grand Duke Constantine, Gen.-in-Chief Benigsen, Prince Labanon, Gen. Ouwarow, and the *Aiddecamp*, Gen. Count of Lieven, left the right bank. The two boats reached the raft at the same time. On coming aboard the raft the two emperors embraced each other. That greeting was the prelude to the peace of Tilsit, which was signed on the 9th of July, 1807.

Prussia paid the expenses of the war. The kingdoms of Saxony and Westphalia were erected like two fortresses to watch her. Alexander and Frederick-William would recognize solemnly Joseph, Louis, and Jerome as their brothers. Bonaparte the First Consul had created republics—Napoleon the Emperor would change them into fiefs. The heir of three dynasties who had reigned over France, he wished still to augment the succession of Charlemagne; and Europe was forced to see it done.

On the 27th of July of the same year, after having terminated that splendid campaign, by a stroke of clemency Napoleon was, on the return to Paris, having no enemy but England—bleeding and wounded, it is true, by the defeats of her allies, but always constant in her hate, always working on the two extremities of the continent, Sweden and Portugal.

By the decree of Berlin on the continental blockade, England had been placed under ban in Europe. In the North Sea Russia and Denmark, on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean France, Holland, and Spain had closed their ports, and had engaged solemnly not to have any commerce with her. There remained, as we have said, only Sweden and Portugal. Napoleon decided, by a decree dated the 27th of October, 1807, that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign; and Alexander, on the 27th of September, engaged to march against Gustavus IV. One month after the French were at Lisbon. The invasion of Portugal was only the introduction to the conquest of Spain, where Charles IV reigned distracted by two opposing powers, the favored Godoy, and the Prince of the Asturias, Ferdinand.

Attracted by the badly-appointed armament made by Godoy at the time of the war with Prussia, Napoleon had only just glanced at Spain; but that quick, unperceived glance had sufficed to show him there a throne to be taken. Scarcely was he in possession of Portugal before his troops penetrated the Peninsula, and, under the pretext of a maritime war and a blockade, occupied, at first, the coasts, then the principal places, then, at last, formed around Madrid a circle which was only to be contracted to make the French masters of the capital in three days. Under these circumstances a revolt broke out against the ministry, and the Prince of Asturias was proclaimed king, under the name of Ferdinand VII, in the place of his father: it was all that Napoleon had asked.

As soon as the French entered Madrid the Emperor hastened to Bayonne, called to him the Spanish princes, forced Ferdinand VII to surrender the crown to his father, and sends him a prisoner to Valencia. Immediately Charles IV abdicates in favor of Napoleon, and retires to Compiègne. The crown of Charles IV is decreed to Joseph by a supreme junta, by the Council of Castile, and by the Municipality of Madrid. By this change the throne of Naples is made vacant; Napoleon places upon it Murat. There are five crowns in his family without counting his own.

But in the mean time, with his power he increased his trouble. The interests of Holland were compromised by the blockade. Austria was humiliated by the creation of the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wirtemberg; Rome deceived in its hopes by the refusal to restore to the Holy See the provinces which the Directory had united to the cisalpine republic; in fine, Spain and Portugal, violated in their national affections, were as echoes to the constantly-resound-



ing appeals of England. A grand reaction was organized on all sides at the same time, although it did not break out at once, but at different epochs.

Rome gave the first example. On the 3d of April the Legate of the Pope left Paris. Soon after Gen. Miollis received orders to occupy Rome with his forces. The Pope menaced our troops with excommunication, and our troops responded by seizing Ancona, Urbino, Macerata, and Camerino. Next Spain. Seville, in a provincial junto, recognized Ferdinand VII as their king, and called to arms all the Spanish provinces which were not occupied; the provinces revolted, Gen. Dupont laid down his arms, and Joseph was forced to leave Madrid.

Then Portugal. The Portuguese rebelled on the 16th of June at Oporto. Junot, not having enough troops to preserve his conquests, was forced to evacuate by the convention of Cintra; and last of all Wellington occupied the country with 25,000 men.

Napoleon thought the thing grave enough to require his presence. He knew that Austria was secretly arming; but she could not be ready for a year. He knew that Holland complained of the ruin of her commerce; but as long as she confined herself to complaining he would not trouble himself about her. There remained, then, to him some more time, in which it would be necessary for him to reconquer Portugal and Spain. Napoleon departed to the frontiers of Navarre and of Biscay with 80,000 old soldiers from Germany. The taking of Burgos was the signal of his arrival. It was followed by the victory of Tudela; then the positions of the Somma Sierra were carried at the point of the lance; and on the 4th of December Napoleon made his solemn entry into Madrid, preceded by his proclamation:

SPANIARDS,—I do not present myself to you as a master, but as a liberator. I have abolished the tribunal of the Inquisition, against which the century and Europe protests. Priests ought to guide the consciences of citizens, but ought not to exercise any exterior or corporal jurisdiction. I have suppressed feudal rights, and each one will be able to establish inns, bakeries, mills, and fisheries, and to give free direction to his industry. The selfishness, riches, and prosperity of a small number of men is a greater blight on your agriculture than the droughts of Summer. As there is but one God, there ought only to be in a State one tribunal of justice; all special courts have been usurpations, and are contrary to the rights of the nation. I have destroyed them. The present generation will be divided in its opinion, as it is made too much the sport of passion; but your posterity will bless me as your regenerator; they will place in the number of your memorable days those in which I have appeared among you, and from these days will date the prosperity of Spain.

Spain, conquered, was mute. The Inquisition is reported to have responded with the following catechism in the confirmation of children:

"Tell me, my child, who art thou?"

"A Spaniard, by the grace of God."

"What do you mean by that?"

"A true man."

"Who is the enemy of your happiness?"

"The Emperor of the French."

"How many natures has he?"

"Two; a human nature and a diabolic."

"How many French Emperors are there?"

"One only, in three deceitful persons."

"What are their names?"

"Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy."

"Which of the three is the most wicked?"

"They are all three equally so."

"Whence is Napoleon derived?"

"From sin."

"Murat?"

"From Napoleon."

"Godoy?"

"From the union of the other two."

"What is the spirit of the first?"

"Pride and despotism."

"Of the second?"

"Rapine and cruelty."

"Of the third?"

"Treason, cupidity, and ignorance."

"Who are the French?"

"Ancient Christians become heretics."

"Is it a sin to put a Frenchman to death?"

"No, my father; one gains heaven in killing one of these heretical dogs."

"What punishment does a Spaniard merit who fails to do his duty?"

"The death and infamy of a traitor."

"What can deliver us from our enemies?"

"Confidence in ourselves and our arms."

Meantime, Spain, pacified in appearance, obeyed almost entirely its new king. The hostile preparations of Austria recalled Napoleon to Paris. On his return, the 23d of January, 1809, he immediately demanded explanations of the Austrian ambassador; and, some days after, having rejected them as insufficient, he learned that, on the 9th of April, the army of the Emperor Francis had passed the Jura and invaded Bavaria. This time it was Austria who advanced upon us, and was ready before France. Napoleon made an appeal to the Senate. On the 14th the Senate replied by a law which ordered a levy of 40,000 men. On the 17th Napoleon was at Donawert in the midst of his army. On the 20th he gained the battle of Tann; on the 21st that of Abensberg; on the 22d that of Ekmühl; on the 23d that of Ratisbon; and

on the 24th he addressed this proclamation to his army:

**SOLDIERS.**—You have justified my expectations. You made up the want of numbers by your bravery; you have gloriously shown the difference which exists between the legions of Cæsar and armed mobs of Xerxes. In four days we have triumphed in the battles of Faun, Abendsberg, Ekmuhl, and in the combats of Peysing, Landshut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, and fifty thousand prisoners tell the results of the rapidity of your march and of your courage. The enemy, infatuated by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have no remembrance of you. Its awakening has been prompt; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately he crossed the Inn and invaded the territories of our allies; to-day, defeated and terrified, he flies in disorder; already my advance guard has passed the Inn. Before a month we will be in Vienna.

On the 27th Bavaria and the Palatinate were evacuated; on the 3d of May the Austrians lost the combat of Ebersburg; on the 9th Napoleon was under the walls of Vienna; on the 11th it opened its gates; on the 13th Napoleon made his entrance. It was still the time of prophecies. One hundred thousand men, under the orders of Prince Charles, had retired to the left bank of the Danube. Napoleon pursued them, reached them on the 21st at Essling, where Massena changes his title of Duke for that of Prince. During the battle the bridges of the Danube suddenly increased; in fifteen days Bertrand throws across three new bridges, the first of sixteen arches, over which three carriages could pass abreast; the second on piles eight feet long; the third on bateaux; and the bulletin of the 3d of July, dated Vienna, announced that there was no more a Danube, as Louis XIX had announced that there were no more Pyrenees.

In fact, on the 4th of July the Danube was passed, on the 5th the battle of Engessdorf was gained; finally, on the 7th the Austrians left 4,000 dead and 9,000 wounded on the field of battle of Wagram, and 20,000 prisoners, 10 standards, and 40 pieces of cannon in the hands of the conquerors. On the 11th the Prince of Lichtenstein presented himself at the advanced posts to ask a suspension of arms. He was an old acquaintance; the next day after Marengo he had come charged with a similar mission. On the 12th that suspension was agreed upon at Zuaim.

Conferences began immediately; they lasted three months, during which Napoleon lived at Schoenbrunn, where he escaped, as if by miracle, the poniard of Staps. Finally, on the 14th of October, the treaty of peace between the contending parties was signed.

### THE POET.

BY ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

I SAW upon the path of life  
A stripling 'mid the sturdy throng,  
With spirit free from worldly strife,  
And singing as he passed along.  
His lute hung lightly at his side,  
And to his touch made music sweet;  
With love-braids were his sandals tied,  
And flowers breathed odors 'neath his feet.  
He saw not with his dreaming eye  
The pitying smile or frown unkind,  
As friend by friend passed quickly by  
And left him in the path behind.  
One to the land of gold was bound,  
And one went up the hill of Fame,  
And one, a youth with roses crowned,  
Passed, whispering low a loved one's name;  
And then a form of hate and wrath,  
With heavy tread, came hurrying by,  
And dashed the stripling from his path  
And left him where he fell to die.  
Lord, I forgive and am forgiven!  
Thus cried the boy amid his pain;  
And with his dying eyes on heaven  
He sang his last triumphant strain.  
It reached the pilgrim on the hill,  
The traveler to the gold land bound,  
And touched with strong magnetic thrill  
The lover with the roses crowned.  
Now in the lowly household band,  
And on the lofty hill of fame,  
And in the *El Dorado* land  
Those travelers preach the Savior's name.

### THREE YEARS AGO.

BY MERIDA A. BARCOCK.

SHADOWS, dark and gloomy shadows,  
Such as only mourners know,  
Fell upon our cheerful hearth-stone  
Only three short years ago.  
We had been so gay and happy  
Ere war dealt the fatal blow,  
That we scarce could bear unshaken  
All that came three years ago.  
Now our hearts are ever saddened,  
And our tears as freely flow  
As they fell upon his coffin  
Only three short years ago.  
Checkered sunshine fall around us  
On his grave so green and low,  
But no shadow dims his sunlight  
As it did three years ago.  
We alone are left in shadows  
And in darkness here below,  
Left to mourn the free, glad spirit  
Lost to earth three years ago.

## BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. D. F. TEFFT, D. D.

## NIGHT THE THIRTEENTH.

IT is now time to find our beds. So, parting in one of the great halls with those whose province it is to leave us, we three gentlemen ascend to our apartment, which, with its arrangements and furniture, must be described. The first thing we look for is a carpet, and we find it in this exceptional case precisely as we have it in our own country. The next thing is the great porcelain stove; and there it stands, at the middle of one side, towering to near the ceiling like a monument. Then we observe chairs and sofas in great profusion. The chairs are all upholstered, and some of them are elegant and easy, but without rockers. There are but few rocking-chairs in Sweden. They are called "American chairs," as if the fashion of them was learned in our country. So far all is right; but where are the beds? Alas! three of these sofas are beds. They are known as sofa-beds. But they are only just wide enough for one person. That is the peculiarity of all the beds we have yet seen in Scandinavia, and a fact so general must have a reason and a history; but it is too late at night for philosophical discussions, so down we go for a night's rest, hoping to feel better in the morning.

Hotel life is always monotonous, but in Europe it is vastly more so, for the reasons that have been named, than in the United States. I will mention another reason. In our country every first-class house is furnished with a reading-room, filled with the leading newspapers of the continent. Here, also, there is a reading-room, and it is well supplied with periodicals, but it is not free to the guests of the house. Nor can you pay for its privileges by the day. You must buy a ticket of entrance for at least a month. This costs you a little more than a dollar and thirty cents. Nor is this all. You are admitted only by the introduction of some member of the society that owns this portion of the hotel establishment. If you read the language of the country you can send out for a newspaper, and the servant gets one at the nearest shop where the news of the day is sold; but there are no papers furnished in the house, nor do you ever see either boys or men selling newspapers on the streets.

The truth of it is, the better class of people are generally educated, but in the sense in which we understand the term they do not read.

In a large office doing a heavy business I have inquired for a newspaper, and have re-

ceived the answer that the office did not "support" one; that is, none was received there. During my stay in the hotel I never saw a person reading a newspaper, as every body does with us, while waiting for his dinner. Such a thing probably does happen, but about as often, I think, as it does not happen among first-class people in the United States. I have visited at many private houses of the better people, but have yet to see the first newspaper, as we see them at home, just read and thrown upon the floor or folded up and lying upon a center-table. These first families must have them in their houses, for they generally are very apt to know by some means the latest important news, but I imagine that newspapers are not very plentifully sold or made in Sweden. News circulates more by word of mouth. As it used to be with us, so it is here now; the first question after the friendly salute upon meeting with a friend is in relation to the news. We still adhere to the custom in America by the force of habit, but the question has lost its original significance. We once intended to ask, as they still do in Sweden, what public events of interest have occurred. We now wish to know, or expect to be informed, if any thing new has happened to the individual or within his particular field of observation. Scandinavia in this respect is about where we were fifty years ago, and yet by nature and education they are an intellectual people. Those in the first ranks of society are educated with great care, and the common people are decidedly more intelligent and many times better informed than the same classes in the aristocratic and arrogant triple realm of Britain.

II. Before going into the streets, after arriving at our hotel, we were all greatly impressed with the remarkable civility of the guests to one another, and our conclusion was that this style of residing together must have had a peculiarly-polishing influence upon their manners. But we soon corrected this mistake, for we at once discovered upon going out that the same extreme etiquette is a characteristic of the whole population.

When two gentlemen acquaintances meet upon the street, or see each other on opposite sides of it, each takes his hat completely from his head, even if it rains, and makes a genteel bow, accompanying this gesture with a downward flourish of the hat. He then covers himself, and, unless they stop to talk, at once passes on.

It will seem at first thought that this ceremony must greatly retard a business man's progress if he has many acquaintances to meet.

But it is quite otherwise. The whole affair is dispatched with great promptness, and it is worth something to see with what ease and grace they do it. Nor is the beautiful custom confined to the better classes. It is common, universal with every class. Servants take off their hats to servants, though I have observed that their salutations are a little more curt, but not a whit less genteel than those of the higher orders.

School children follow the same fashion. When two boys meet, instead of running up to one another without ceremony, or "pitching into" each other without mercy in the way of pulling, and making fun, and knocking off of hats, they use the same salutations as the men. I have walked a mile, and that more than once, for the mere pleasure of seeing the children salute each other at the letting-out of school when those of different parishes met on their homeward routes. In America, as my reader knows, these daily occurrences are the occasions of almost daily conflicts. Each little republican wants to try the spunk of every other young republican, or he has some old score to settle with every third boy he meets. Here, on the contrary, there are no conflicts of this character. At least, I have taken pains to find one, and so far in vain; but instead of these I have always beheld the utmost politeness as well as good-nature; and I have many a time longed for the ability in some way to transfer this captivating custom to young and old of the good people of my native country.

Of all people in the world, I fear, excepting only Englishmen, we are the least civil, polite, polished in our daily intercourse. In some parts of our great country, and with certain styles of people every-where, a sort of independent care-for-nothing, knock-down roughness is considered the most appropriate method of expressing hearty friendship, and we have all yielded too much to this rude spirit. If we put up a candidate for any high public office, to gain the influence of those governed by this sort of rudeness, we must make him a "hard-cider" man, or a "rough-and-ready" character, or a "rail-splitter," or any thing else that will pander to this low sentiment. Education has been doing much indirectly toward better taste and manners, but we have much to do by direct means before we can reach a proper temper upon this subject. The work must be begun at home. Parents must inculcate politeness upon their children. Here, in the capital of Sweden, when a stranger calls upon a family he is expected to salute the children, and they are sure to return his civilities, and even to offer

their own if neglected in a style absolutely charming.

But, reader, it must be related how this spirit of politeness stands with ladies. We naturally expect more of good breeding from ladies than from gentlemen. I can not say, however, that the women here surpass the other sex in these accomplishments, not because the former are not very civil, but because it is about impossible even for a female to outdo the general custom. When two ladies meet, or when a lady meets a gentleman, there are courtesies dropped in a very easy and captivating manner. In the latter case the gentleman keeps his hat off till advised by the lady to resume it, which she is sure to do if the keeping of his head naked would be at all liable to cause him the least risk or suffering. He will frequently insist, however, on holding his hat before him, but this, I believe, is generally regarded as a hint that he has no time to spare from previous engagements. When the gentleman and lady part he again takes off his hat, if he has resumed it, and she drops a courtesy, when he keeps his eyes upon her till she has first turned her back. It would be great rudeness for him to turn his face from her as long as she still looks toward him.

But the maximum of this sort of etiquette is seen when the King comes upon the street. When his carriage is passing any point every lady near drops this cunning little Scandinavian courtesy, and every gentleman takes off his hat. The King's habit is to walk out every day about two o'clock. Then the courtesies and the hats drop as far as he can be seen in all directions, and not only so, but every body stops till he has passed along. They do not stop to gaze. They do not gaze. They stop out of mere politeness, for they wish to show their respect to the first man among them. The Queen, too, both rides and walks, and she is greeted every-where with the same civilities, only I have imagined they were not quite as hearty as those given to his Majesty. This should not be regarded as a proof, however, that they are not as polite to ladies as to gentlemen, for it has just been seen how different is the truth; but the explanation of the fact, if it is a fact, must be looked for in the consideration that she is the *second* person in the kingdom, and then there is the additional recollection in the minds of all these Lutherans that the present Queen of Sweden is a Catholic.

But I have not yet followed this spirit of gentility to its whole extent. It reaches every-where; it is witnessed every-where. We naturally suppose that in the dusty traffic of this world men think but little of politeness. Here,



however, in this Scandinavian country the love of money has not killed the gentle spirit of true civility. If a person goes into a store, whether to ask a question or to make a purchase, the hats of all the gentlemen in it at once go off. The visitor performs the same duty to them, and he is expected to keep his hat from his head till he returns to the street, unless the proprietor or chief personage of the shop requests him to put it back upon his head. This request is always made if the store or shop is cold, or if there is a draft of air through the room, or if there is any danger of damage to the health of the person entering. An aged person, too, is quite certain to be solicited to cover his head as soon as the salutations of the time have passed. I have entered many stores, and have never been left with my head uncovered.

III. But every one wishes among the first things in relation to a strange people to be told how they compare with other people as to size, form, complexion, dress, and general aspect. So I must relate that the Swedes in all these respects are more like Americans than the inhabitants of any country I have seen. They are genuine Caucasians, with but little mixture of any other race. They are, in general, of large dimensions, round and full in form, inclining always to be stout and fat, with light skin, hair, and eyes. I have seen not one person here with red hair, and but one with decidedly black eyes, though I must have seen a third or a half of the people of the capital, and I have traveled for nearly three hundred miles directly through the kingdom. We have every variety in the United States, but this Swedish stamp is the ground-work of our population, as will by and by be shown, while we have drawn upon the peculiarities of nearly every race and nation. All complexions, probably, are also to be found in Sweden, but the general style of humanity here is as I have given it.

There is a remarkable robustness of face and figure upon this people. They seem to enjoy, as a common thing, the most unbounded health, of which they are extremely careful.

Their dress will require some particular description. The citizens as citizens wear about the same style and patterns as are common throughout the United States; but every third man one meets is not a citizen preëminently, but a soldier, a sailor, a servant, a groom, or something else, which requires a peculiar costume. Every hack-driver has his costume, and those pertaining to any family of distinction, native or foreign, wear a livery by which they are respectively distinguished. It is a cap of a certain shape, or a hat with a feather in it, or a

three-cornered hat exactly like those worn by our old-time military officers, or a coat with exceedingly bright and ostentatious buttons, or two or three of these peculiarities together, by which a citizen or a stranger knows in whose service such a hackman performs his duties.

Servant girls wear no bonnets. They are not allowed to wear them, for if they were some body might mistake one of them for a lady. They wear a black half-handkerchief, as we should call it, drawn over the head and tied or pinned beneath the chin, while there is often a long fringe hanging from the rear and dangling upon the neck. It is enough to say, in a word, that a person accustomed to the country can decide at once upon the rank of every man, woman, and child he meets, for the exact condition, and mostly the employments, of all persons are represented in their dress.

There is one peculiarity in respect to costume which I must not forget. Over all Europe, if not throughout the world, the clergymen of a State Church have a style of apparel peculiar to the services of the sanctuary. They wear their sacerdotal attire, whatever it may be, when ministering in sacred things. Here, however, you know a clergyman any where the moment you put your eyes upon him. His hat is larger than the people wear, his coat or cloak is apt to be more ample, and then the everlasting lappets hanging down in front over the white cravat inform you exactly that the person wearing them is on the street, as in the Church, a priest.

There are also some provincial costumes in Sweden which must not be overlooked. The one most prominent and the most noted is that of the province of Dalecarlia. It is not a badge of caste, but only of birthplace, and so may more properly deserve our respect. The Dalecarlian, indeed, is a character to be looked at and studied wherever he may be met. If a man, and the cold season of the year is on him, he wears upon his head a substantial black felt hat with a generous brim, a close jacket, a pair of rather short breeches with long stockings reaching to the knee, a pair of coarse, heavy-soled, massive shoes, each of them after the form of a flat-bottomed boat, with heavy irons on the heels, and an additional heel across the hollow of the foot, and then, to cap the whole, a coat of sheepskin with the wool turned in to keep him, as he always seems to be, snug and warm. If a woman, you have a red or white *crocheted* cap for the head, a sort of loose jacket or spencer for the waist, from beneath which depends a short petticoat reaching a little lower than the knees, then the long stockings and shoes of the other sex, only not quite as heavy,

but of the same coarse material, and over all, as with the men, the thick and warm sheepskin sack-coat. When dressed for a holiday or for Church these Dalecarlians thus attired are walking-pictures of the past, and not at all disagreeable; but a couple of them rambling through the streets of an American city would have half its juvenile population at their heels. They attract no particular attention on the streets of Stockholm, for they are seen every hour of the day, but they are constant subjects, even here, for the painters of every class and school. They are a people, too, very much respected in every part of Sweden, for it was by their prowess, their unflinching patriotism, and indomitable courage that the great Gustavus the First had the fortune to become the savior of his country.

IV. Let us enter now, reader, into one of these palatial buildings, which is occupied by a Swedish merchant of the first class, whom we have made our friend. He occupies, according to the Swedish custom, only a single flat or floor of this great building, and this is reached by ascending through this wide hall one flight of massive stone steps. We must not rap on the large door fronting us as we land, but on this smaller one at the left, where the girl-porter of the house keeps her stand. She at once answers to our call; the great door comes open—or I ought to say *doors*, for all the outside doors in this country are made double. In the older buildings these two doors are about one foot apart, and a person going in must open the second before he can shut the first. The more recent mansions have improved greatly upon this plan by inserting a little narrow hall between the doors, and in this a visitor is expected, first of all, to lay off his overshoes, coat, and hat before the servant will give him admission to the house.

Having entered our friend's dwelling in this manner, we come at once into the largest room, in this case about thirty by forty feet in size, with a heavy extension-table standing at the center of it, and with a dresser on one end and a piano on the other, but the floor is without a carpet. To us Americans, so large a room uncarpeted looks uncomfortable, and then this huge extension-table is the one on which the family take their meals. This, in a word, though the part of the house most exposed, and through which every person calling is admitted to every other portion of the house, is the dining-room.

But having here made our entrance we can go to the right or to the left, through single doors from the opposite sides of this great room,

accordingly as we call to see the gentleman or the lady of this mansion, for on each side there is a narrow reception-room, finely carpeted and elegantly furnished, and into the one or the other of these we are sure to be conducted by the portress to see her master or mistress, as we may happen to request.

In our case we wish to see them both, so we go first into the gentleman's reception-room, where we find, in addition to the necessary articles of chairs and sofas, a bookcase, a writing-table, a lounge or single bed, and walls ornamented with all the fine pictures which our friend feels able or willing to possess. We then cross the dining-room and are admitted into the ladies' reception-room, where we have only the fine carpet, a couple of rich sofas, a chair or two of elegant workmanship, and a center-table. Here are no books, nor any desks or shelves made to hold them.

Both the lady and the gentleman speak a little English; they know we have come for the purpose of learning Swedish ways and customs, and so, without a solitary apology, we are shown into every apartment, including the wardrobe and kitchen. Persons of wealth have generally little reason to fear the exhibition of their wearing apparel, and as to the kitchen the lady of the house has nothing in the world to do with it, and of course can let us see it without hesitation. While here we are struck by the multiplicity of the female servants, and we venture to ask how much a good cook costs per week. "We do not hire them by the week. We are compelled by law after a certain trial to keep every servant at least a year, for which we pay her eighty rik." That is, about twenty dollars to a first-class cook per annum. Sweden is the country for getting servants; they are educated to the business and understand it, and there is such a desire among them to go to the United States that I think I could ship ten thousand of them to our country within a fortnight did I only have the order for them with the money to pay their passage.

This, however, is only a reflection I make while looking upon these curious ways and customs of a Swedish kitchen. On a massive stone platform, with an archway for holding fuel underneath, stands an iron stove, the pipe of which runs up into a vast opening covered by a great sheet-iron cap, in the shape of a huge square tunnel with the little end up, and when the pipe reaches the termination of the tunnel it enters the flue which carries off the smoke. This cap is intended to gather into it all the steam and odors of a kitchen, and convey them by the side of the pipe into the flue above, and

thus save the house from all offense from this class of smells, and in this respect it answers its purpose to perfection.

But the stove is not always nor very often used, even in those kitchens where a stove is found, for on top of this stove platform, known as the fireplace, stands a wrought-iron grate made in the fashion of a griddle, only heavier, and standing on higher legs, under which a very frugal fire is kindled of pine sticks, or pins, and over which, with great care and skill, all the cookery is performed for a large family. The kettles, pots, pans, and nearly every vessel of the kitchen, of which the numbers and styles are legion, are all of copper, and when well burnished and suspended about the fireplace, as they always are when not in use, they afford a singular spectacle to a person who has seen no kitchens but the more simple ones of the United States.

V. But we have received a billet, reader, inviting us to meet a few of the leading merchants of the city at a social dinner in precisely such a mansion as the one now described. Our host is very wealthy, his merchant guests are wealthy, and we are likely, therefore, to witness something characteristic of the country. We are requested to make our appearance at four o'clock, and so, though this same gentleman was once behind his time with us for two days, without making an apology, we will set him a better example and be prompt to the hour of four.

We arrive not twenty seconds beyond or before the minute. We are received, as usual, by the porter, who on this day is not a female. Our coats, hats, and overshoes are deposited in a side-room, set apart this day especially, I imagine, for this purpose. Then we pass through two rooms successively, neither of which has a carpet, into the ladies' reception-room, for we can not in this case get into the gentleman's without passing through the dining-room, now probably in full possession of the servants.

After a formal and very elaborate introduction to every person present, beginning with the lady of the house, tea is immediately served to us standing, and with the tea sandwiches and small hard cakes. Before I have time in my slow and thoughtful way of eating to swallow the half of what is given me there is a call made that dinner is in waiting. So, taking my arm, as the stranger present, at the same time handing his wife to one of his most familiar friends, the master of the house marches at the head of his battalion into the great uncarpeted but exceedingly well scrubbed dining-room, taking his seat at the center of one side of the table, with my-

self at his right hand, while his wife takes the seat opposite to him with her conductor at her left.

This arrangement is a custom of which the reason is, that it brings not only the host and hostess but the two favored guests of the day in convenient conversational opposition to one another.

Now comes the important portion of the entertainment. We have first soup, then fish, of a kind not in use in the United States, but very excellent; next nine courses of meat, with the usual appurtenances of gravies, salads, and vegetables; next puddings of several sorts, with iced-cream and preserved berries, one of the kinds of berries coming all the way from Finland, as it grows no where else; next apples from America, figs from Smyrna, grapes from Italy, and oranges as well as other fruits from the West Indies; next several expensive sorts of drink, among which are brandy made in the country and flavored with anise-seed, English porter, Swedish ale, and four varieties of wine, not one of them, I am told, less expensive than champagne. Near each person's last plate—the last given him, I mean—are ranged two goblets for the beer and porter, and wine-glasses of different sizes and shapes for the several varieties of wine. To know which glass to use at the proper time is a branch of the social science requiring instruction and experience. As I am myself absolutely ignorant of the whole subject, my glasses are filled for me by my host, and filled almost to the brim in every case.

VI. But as the drinking part of a Scandinavian entertainment is not only a science but an institution, I must give it the benefit of a separate and distinct section. The first thing in the instance before us, the host rises and proposes the health of the American consul, when the said gentleman is expected to receive the touch of the host's glass, and then the drinking salutation of all present, which consists of their waving their glasses toward his, he acknowledging their compliment by tipping his own glass toward theirs successively. Then all must empty their glasses to the bottom. Then the host's health is drank, then that of the hostess, then that of the host's father, then that of the family physician, who is present, then that of an old Professor of Upsala, now a resident of Stockholm, and the most learned man in Sweden, and then the health of each guest promiscuously, as any one happens to take a fancy, for I can no further trace the system hitherto apparent.

It is now eight o'clock, and the guests rise, after the example of the host and hostess, and

proceed with less order—of course—to the ladies' reception-room, and there they stand, or lean, or sit and talk for fifteen or twenty minutes, when coffee is served to them precisely as the tea was served at the beginning of the entertainment. Then they return to the dining-room. The dinner table is now all clear, but there is a multitude of bottles, not empty ones, upon a smaller table at one side of the room. Here several of the guests stop and drink a few friendly toasts, and one of the company, whom I had noticed as drinking sparingly, perhaps in preparation for the part now to be enacted by him, is called out for a Scandinavian drinking-song, which is executed with excellent skill and made striking by a splendid voice, the burden of which is, at the end of every stanza, "*Drink, brothers, but drink sparingly!*" The singer more than follows his own counsel; he receives every toast and every drinking salutation with an empty glass, which he holds in his hand while singing. Three or four other songs are then called for and executed, which I observe the lady of the house declined to hear, at least to be seen hearing them, and each performance is followed by toasts and a multitude of "*Lraivos.*"

When an hour has been devoted to this "brotherly" exercise, the learned professor and the family physician having gone to meet other engagements, cigars are furnished to the company remaining, when they pass onward to the gentleman's reception-room, where tables are spread and lighted for a game of cards. They smoke and play, and play and smoke, not forgetting, however, at the end of every game to find some reason for a social glass. At about eleven o'clock coffee and cakes again make their appearance, after which the favored guests of the occasion are expected to take their leave, first of the host, then of the hostess, and afterward of each person severally, when all go to the cloak-room, and thence to the gas-lit and very brilliant street.

VII. Such is a Swedish dinner of the first class. But there are those who would like to know how an old temperance lecturer and a clergyman could get along with all this excess of food and drink. Were this inquiry made captiously or suspiciously I should be the last person in the world to answer it, for I make it a rule to offer no explanations to captious people, but let them think and say just what suits their genius. But it is a part of the history of this entertainment, and of the customs of the country, which I went there to study and report, to relate a fact or two in this connection.

In the first place, then, I will inform my

friends that, according to my invariable custom at home, I took my regular dinner in my own house before going to this feast, for I seldom find any thing at these displays simple enough for my almost eremitic taste.

As to drinking, the reader will remember how the Spartans used to disgust their children with intemperance by taking them to see persons in a state of intoxication, and I will relate that my early youth was furnished with such lessons on this vice, and these in such close proximity to my own earthly welfare that I then conceived a hostility to liquor-drinking which has grown more intense with every added year of life. If there is any thing more than all things else that makes me think of hell, it is a company of human beings smoking, and singing, and emptying their cups. I have seen pictures of such scenes where the central figure was the old serpent coiled around a rum-cask; and I must add that for the last hour or two of this entertainment I have been able to think of nothing but the cold, creeping, slippery folds and fiery tongue of the subtle enemy of mankind winding himself around the wine-bottles.

At the table I did not, I would not, drink. Perceiving this lack of ceremony, my host openly informed me that I gave him cause of offense by not drinking when my health was given. "If health is the end aimed at," I replied, "there is less of it in brandy than there is in water." Soon afterward I was again reminded of my abstemiousness in still more pointed language, which, however, I very decidedly but politely parried. When visited with the third reproof, my host this time rising to his feet to give greater emphasis to what he said, I replied by stating my position at home on the temperance question, and by a brief argument on the general subject, which silenced the table, so far as I was concerned, in respect to following the Swedish customs.

When first arrived in Stockholm I was told by a good Christian lady, who moves only in the highest circles, that no American can go into society here without gradually declining into evil habits. I answered her that I had resolved within myself before leaving home to follow no practices in Europe to which I had not been accustomed in my native country. She thought I would have to renounce society, then, altogether. Perhaps this may be true in respect to such society as I have here described; but there would be no loss to me in this, for long before this entertainment had concluded I had suffered pain enough to last me for a lifetime.

"O, madness! to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,



When God, with those *forbidden*, made choice to rear His *Mighty Champion*, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!"

But the hour is growing late, and we will, therefore, reader, retire to rest and continue to recall the manners and customs of the Scandinavians in our next Boreal Night.

### KATHARINE, WIFE OF HENRY, PRINCE OF SCHWARTZBURG.

BY HON. G. P. DISOWAY.

GOD, in his providence, at an early period of the Reformation, raised up instruments for its promotion in Germany; and among these was a number of noble ladies. Katharine of Schwartzburg was one of this illustrious number; but only a few fragments of her history remain. These, however, illustrate her intrepidity, patriotism, her Christian resolution, and sympathy for the persecuted reformers, and establish her title to the noble surname of the "*Heroic*," with which she was honored by her contemporaries.

This lady was the third daughter of William VII—a German count—and both her father and mother's family were remarkable for their devotion to Popery. He devoted three of his sons to the Church; but, at length, he participated in the surrounding light of the Reformation, and united, with two of his sons, in the general revolt from Popish rule. Next, he introduced the new doctrines into his dominions, and with utmost constancy maintained them to his death.

Katharine was born Jan. 5, 1509, and was strictly educated in the Romish religion; but with her father renounced Romanism; and early marrying a German prince, joyfully united with him in promoting the Reformed faith. This happy Christian union was not of long duration; but after his death she steadfastly continued to advance the good work which he had auspiciously commenced. She abolished monachism, and reformed the system of schools and colleges in her territories.

We find honorable testimony of her magnanimous and patriotic zeal for the safety and rights of her subjects, in an event which occurred—1547—during the reign of Charles V. After the battle of Mühlberg that monarch, with his troops, was on the way to Franconia, and by the castle where Katharine resided, on the river Saale. As his soldiers had often perpetrated the most dreadful barbarities, she became alarmed, and besought the Emperor to protect herself

and subjects. In reply he pledged his royal word that a sacred respect should be paid by his army to life and property in their march through her territories. Still she dreaded lawless military pillage, and granted to the inhabitants through which the Spanish troops were to pass permission to store their most valuable articles in her castle of Rudolstadt.

The "Bloody Duke of Alva," as he was called—the Spanish General—accompanied by Henry, Duke of Brunswick, and his sons, when they approached Rudolstadt, sent a messenger to Katharine, respectfully requesting that himself and officers might have the honor of breakfasting at the castle. Alva and Brunswick had earned for themselves a reputation of the deepest infamy, and their very names inspired universal terror. Both were mortal enemies of the Protestant reformers, and their cruelties to them vastly exceeded in ferocity those perpetrated upon ordinary victims. Alva had become a hardened, sanguinary character, and accustomed to inflict human suffering in every form of horror with remorseless indifference. We can well imagine, then, that these bloody men were not guests which Katharine liked to entertain. "Tell the Duke of Alva," said she to his messenger, "that he and the other officers will be welcome to my castle, that there will be no lack of decent entertainment, and that what my house can supply shall be cordially given them. But at the same time remind them of the letters of protection I have received from the Emperor, and let them know that I expect them strictly to observe, both toward myself and my people, the plighted faith of his Imperial Majesty."

Having arrived at the castle Katharine gave the officers a very friendly reception with a well-furnished table. Scarcely had they sat down to breakfast before a courier arrived with the news that the Spanish soldiers, passing through some neighboring villages, had used violence, and had driven away the cattle of the peasantry. Katharine immediately ordered her household servants to arm themselves and bolt the castle's gates; and then entering the hall where the officers still were, she complained of the wrong done to her and her subjects. "I am sorry," she continued, "to have to complain that the letters of protection with which the Emperor has favored me have been scandalously violated. Your soldiers have been invading and carrying off the property of my peasantry. Such conduct as this can not surely meet with your approbation. My duty is to take care that they suffer no loss, and I hope you will support me in seeing reparation done them." The officers, laughing, replied that small disasters of this kind were

among the common occurrences in war, and unavoidable in the march of an army." "That remains to be seen," she answered, in a tone of undissembled indignation at this arbitrary reply to settle the question of right and wrong—"that remains to be seen. My peasantry must again have their own, or," raising her voice in threatening, resentful violence, "*Princes' blood shall go for oxen's blood!*" With this brief declaration she left the hall, not remaining to remonstrate with them on the side of justice. She was too much excited to do this, both at the conduct of soldiers and their officers.

In a few minutes her householders, now armed, entered the breakfast-hall, and with deference took their station behind the chairs of the guests. The Duke of Alva changed color at this warlike exhibition, and the officers looked at one another in silent astonishment. They now entertained no doubt of the determination of Katharine, and they saw the prospect of a personal contest if they persevered in vindicating the outrages of their soldiers. Thus cut off from their men, and surrounded by superior numbers well armed, what could they do but to yield to circumstances, and to propitiate the insulted hostess? The Duke of Brunswick was the first to break the silence by loud laughter. Not intimidated at the menacing attitude of Katharine, he had the good sense to speak of the affair with good humor, pronouncing a high compliment upon her maternal solicitude for the welfare of her people, with her own determined courage. Matters were soon properly adjusted. The stolen cattle were delivered to the owners, with orders from the Duke of Alva against any further molestation of the subjects of this honorable Princess. Then she courteously thanked her guests, who, in their turn, acknowledged the hospitable reception they had enjoyed, taking leave of her with warm expressions of regard and respect.

Doubtless this bold adventure gained for Katharine the honorable surname of "THE HEROIC." Her castle at Rudolstadt afterward entertained many guests of quite a different character. In her day, when the German reformers were proscribed and hunted like wild beasts from place to place, she offered protection to many of their preachers, and thus rescued them out of the executioner's hands. Becoming her guests they found in her castle a hospitable and safe asylum. Gaspar Aquila was among these refugees, who, in early life, was chaplain to one of Charles the Fifth's regiments in the Netherlands. Refusing to baptize a cannon-ball, he was put into the mortar by the bloodthirsty soldiers to be shot into the air—a horrid fate

which he escaped from the powder not exploding. Charles, the Emperor, at last offered, as a price, 5,000 florins for his head; but Katharine allowed him to be conveyed secretly to her castle. There he was concealed many months, till the storm of persecution had passed away.

During her life Katharine was regarded as the benefactress of her people. She died in November, 1567, aged fifty-eight—having faithfully discharged the duties of her government twenty-nine years. This excellent royal lady secured the grateful prayers and benedictions of her land; and attended by an honorable company, her mortal remains were deposited in the church at Rudolstadt.

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### GOOD-NIGHT.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

GOOD-NIGHT! Life is not long,

And brief is pain;

Good-night, good-night for aye,

Our souls are twain.

The morning light of faith

Has darkened soon;

Not every rosy dawn

Heralds clear noon.

So sundered are our souls,

Since trust is o'er;

No boundless ocean breadths

Could part us more.

Our daily paths may meet,

But nevermore

Our hearts' calm-flowing waves

Will touch the shore

Of passionate speech—no breath

From quiet isles

Of our souls' tropic seas—

No swift, glad smiles

Shall blossom o'er our words—

Our words so cold;

No hand of magic power

Can ever mold

To one sweet law our souls—

And so, Good-night!

It need not make us sad,

God's ways are right.

He never placed the badge,

Upon our souls,

Of kinship—Be content—

An ocean rolls

Between us two—What then?

Life is not long—

Will Death not strike the key

To some new song?

Who knows? But we'll not weep—

The cause is light;

We have no faith to keep,

And so, Good-night!

## MEMORIES OF ROME.

BY REV. E. D. WELCH.

## HIGH MASS AT THE SISTINE CHAPEL, NOV. 1ST.

IN Rome one is every-where confronted by Catholicism. Pope, and cardinals, and priests, and processions proclaim it. Churches, and colleges, and chapels, and celebrations surround him with its memorials. Monuments, and museums of art, even sculpture, and painting recall it, for they are compelled to minister to it their united service. I had been in Rome but a few days, although subsequently I remained there several months. The next day after my arrival the Pope returned to the city from his Summer vacation at the castle of Gondolpho. His first public appearance after his return was at the celebration of high mass in the Sistine Chapel on the first of November. For at least two reasons I wished to attend this service. One was to witness the Catholic pageant, the other to see the celebrated chapel, which, since 1473, when it was erected by Pope Sixtus IV, in honor of whom it was named, it has not ceased to attract the admiration of the world. Four Americans of us stopping at the same hotel concluded to go over in company. But an indispensable requisite was that we should be dressed in *black*. Our friend from Philadelphia, not having an article of that color, was compelled to hurry out and rent a suit of black for two or three hours the next day at the moderate charge of one dollar. The rest of us had black, but alas! we had only frock coats, and these would not answer. It was suggested, however, that we might compromise the matter by carefully pinning up the skirts, and so make the Papal guard believe they were dress coats. Acting upon this suggestion, we occupied the morning in attempts and failures to transform our coats till we satisfied ourselves that at least they did not resemble frock coats, and at the hour of nine we set out for the Sistine Chapel. We found the doors closed and a number waiting. We had grown observant, and noticed the peculiar appearance of many of the coats, more or less resembling our own. We observed also that most of the ladies, though not all, wore black dresses and black veils. Presently the doors were thrown open. The ladies were admitted first—that is, those in black dresses who had on the indispensable black veil. A number were found wanting in these respects, and so were excluded. Then came the gentlemen in something of a hurry. The dress coats had an easy time of it. The frock coats that were well pinned “passed

muster.” But woe to him who had been sparing of pins, or him whose skirts had lost any of these little supports along the way or in the crowd, or whose brevity or prolixity spoiled the proportions and exposed the fallacy. Some of these victims of misfortune were detected by the watchful doorkeepers and sent back to meditate on the religious importance of a pin or the moral bearing of the cut of a coat, or the sin *per se* of being too short or too tall. Among these was one of our number, who committed the fatal offense of being so tall as to show that his coat, whatever it might be, was not precisely a dress coat.

What could be the shadow of a reason for such a silly requisition we could never imagine, for the Pope was dressed in white and the cardinals in scarlet, save two or three who wore black; and Pope, cardinals, priests, monks, students, all wore frocks or gowns that swept their feet—the cardinals with trails as long as themselves, that required each a servant or two to carry them. Such an exclusive arrangement would be ludicrous at even a social gathering, if any thing important were involved; but when made an indispensable requisite for admission to a religious service, the folly becomes an outrage upon religion itself, and upon its Divine Author. At once it can be seen that it would not only affect the convenience of the traveling public—that is perhaps its slightest offense—but also the convenience of citizens, and actually exclude “the poor,” who are expressly included in the divine provision. It is a characteristic of true religion that it “preached the Gospel to the poor.” The contrast is evident between the Scripture rule and the Papal practice.

Having effected an entrance, our next object was to secure a good point of observation. In this respect we were peculiarly fortunate. Passing directly along the aisle—there is but one in the Sistine Chapel—we found a vacant place where the Pope’s body-guard is stationed at the extremity of the aisle. At this point the aisle spreads out into an open space almost the width of the chapel, till it meets the rows of cardinals’ seats, thus forming what serves the purpose of a chancel between the audience and the high altar. The rows of cardinals’ seats are arranged on either side of this chancel, and run from the high altar to the seats for the audience, so as to meet them at right angles. I stood, as did most of the gentlemen—those at least who were at all curious to study this Catholic pageant and witness the peculiarities of ecclesiastical etiquette as practiced by the highest dignitaries of the Romish

Church in the Pope's chapel, the famous and fashionable Sistine.

The audience had assembled. After waiting a little time the cardinals began to arrive one after another. The Cardinal of the Propaganda came first. I was told that he is a nephew of the Pope. He is fine looking, and seems to be aware of it. Then came the aged Cardinal of the Hospital; then the Dominican Cardinal, who had resided at Bologna, but had been compelled by the revolution to take "leave of absence." The reason of this hasty removal he did not see fit to give to the public. He was dressed in a black robe with a white silk cape. He seemed but little benefited by adversity, but bore himself proudly and imperiously like a master. This had probably grown into a habit. Perhaps he "puts on airs" to make amends for his humiliation.

Most of the cardinals wore a splendid scarlet silk robe and cape. Each had an attendant—a priest young or old. Each as he entered the chancel knelt in front of the high altar. This was effected with some difficulty because of the splendid inconvenience of his dress. The servant had to be prompt in lifting his scarlet robe, afterward assisting him to rise, and then bearing his long trail as he walked in majesty to his elevated seat. The servant then seated himself immediately before his master at his feet.

This was the order throughout, till the long seats were filled with richly-robed cardinals and servants at their feet. The Capuchin Cardinal alone of all the number wore whiskers. These, as they were white and long, gave him a patriarchal appearance even among "the fathers." As one after another had knelt and risen he bowed to each row of cardinals, they in turn rising to receive him, and bowing. Sometimes all arose, sometimes only a few, as the cardinal was powerful and popular or otherwise. I noticed that but few arose to receive Antonelli, not because he was wanting in power, but in popularity; but all arose to receive the two French cardinals. The cardinals all having assembled in their places, there followed a period of silent waiting for the appearance of the sovereign Pontiff. This period promising to be longer than I could afford to lose in such waiting, I improved the time in looking about the Sistine Chapel, of course retaining my position. I knew its length was said to be one hundred and thirty-five feet, and its width forty-five feet. It did not appear to be so large, probably because of the manner in which it was filled with paintings, and altars, and galleries, and people. It is a lofty, oblong hall. A gallery extends around three of its sides. The lower part of

the walls is painted with representations of drapery, the upper part with remarkable frescoes of the fifteenth century. These can have little attraction for any one except in historic interest, and little of that for me, as just then I did not care to study Papal history. A passing glance sufficed for the drapery, the frescoes on the walls, and the small rich choir at my right, filled with the finest singers in Rome, gayly dressed in scarlet and lace. Let no one infer from this last word that ladies were there. O no. Ecclesiastical etiquette could not tolerate such a gross impropriety in the Sistine Chapel. Papal modesty would be shocked by such an outrage. The priestly purity of celibacy pervades even the choir of the Sistine Chapel, so far, at least, as to exclude all female music from the volume of its praises. Eagerly my eyes hasten to the great attraction of this magnificent chapel—the world-renowned frescoes by Michael Angelo that line the roof of the chapel and cover the wall behind the high altar fronting the audience. The flat central part of the roof is adorned with representations of Scripture scenes from the creation to the deluge. It is hazardous for an artist to undertake such a task, especially to represent the creation of light and darkness, of the heavens and the earth, of man and woman, with all the train of wonders including the deluge. But the genius of Michael Angelo succeeded. The representations seem inspired with life, and Scripture scenes in all their grandeur open upon the admiring view. Along the curved part of the ceiling are alternate paintings of prophets and sybils—Christian and heathen, a strange commingling—twelve in number. Some one has said that "the sybils embody all that is majestic and graceful in woman, and the prophets are full of inspiration." In frankness, I was not so favorably impressed. The first statement in this quotation seems to me an exaggeration. "Majesty" is there if you please, but the "grace" I could not discover—certainly not "all" the grace of woman. And is majesty the feminine quality that should predominate in a representation of woman, especially in the presence of man who, by the demand of art as well as of truth, should in such a representation be clothed with majesty? I am merely repeating the question which was suggested to my mind by a brief and too hurried view. The sybils do not possess beauty like those of Guercino or Dolce at Florence, nor Domenichino's or Raphael's at Rome, but they have vigor of expression. In this Michael Angelo never fails. Each figure, be it sybil or prophet, seems charged with some distinct and mighty mission, and intent upon the announce-



ment. Their eyes flash down upon you from above till you tremble beneath the concentrated gaze and fear to look up again. You are impressed with the consciousness that the roof which covers you is pervaded with the combined majesty of wondrous scenes and inspired forms. This impression is a favorable introduction, and prepares one for the higher majesty that awaits him, as he turns his eyes to the altar and looks upon the fresco of the "Last Judgment." This stretches across the whole width of the Chapel, and is at the same time sixty feet in height. Among all the paintings by Michael Angelo this is the crowning work. In this there is more than beauty of coloring or force of expression—there is overpowering sublimity. The accumulated grandeur and solemnity of that awful day, conceived as they could be only by a powerful mind, are transferred to the canvas; and there they meet your gaze and subdue it. You turn away for relief. It is only for a moment. You feel a mysterious attraction that you can not resist; and again as if enchained you gaze upon the majestic scene.

The Almighty Savior is seated upon the throne of judgment. Round about him are thousands of angels, who fly to execute his high behests. The judgment is set and the books are opened. Yonder the dead are rising from their graves; death and hell are giving up their dead. The infinite Judge extends his hand as in the act of condemnation, and this immense throng separate to right and left. On the left is represented the fall of the damned amid the rage of devils and all the accumulation of woe. Here is manifest the terrible might of the great genius. The greatest poet of Italy furnished the conception in the first part of his poem, "The Inferno." The artist, with genius nowise inferior, has seized upon this conception of Dante, and given it embodiment on canvas. No one can gaze upon it without a feeling of horror. If there be, however, any objection, it can not lie against the artist. He represents the general belief of the Roman Church. That he has represented it strongly and well no one can question, and no one should blame. We confess, however, that it was a relief to turn from this painful scene, to behold the glory ineffable opening to receive the righteous, and the convoy of angels hastening to bear them thither. The contrast, as we dwelt upon it, increased our admiration of the mighty genius that could group in the same picture such infinite opposites, and express each in such perfection.

But suddenly the surrounding silence was broken, and my reverie ended. At one extremity of the chapel the massive doors were thrown

open, and the Papal life-guards came dashing in, displacing the others, and pressing us who were in front a little backward. This was the signal for the appearance of the Pope, who immediately entered at the opposite extremity of the Chapel beside the high altar. He was robed in white satin, lavishly adorned with golden ornaments. He wore the Papal tiara as he entered, and the large golden cross was borne before him. A large company of servants—some of them apparently of his own age—attended him. He first turned to the left, where was a side-table, or altar, and candles burning. The tiara was then removed and suspended before the high altar, and the crown was placed upon his head. With this he came to the center of the chancel and kneeled before the high altar, when the crown was removed and hung beside the tiara, and a miter—apparently a golden miter—was placed upon his head. He then moved to the right, across the room, and took the *Pontifical chair*—large, highly decorated, and raised upon a platform to command a view of the audience. Various services were then performed, which I need but indicate. The choir sang as if in jubilee; the Pope read and prayed; the Cardinals came forward, one by one, with long, scarlet robes trailing behind, mounted the platform, and with pretended fondness kissed the Pope's hand. After this dignified performance they marched back again to their seats with an air of great self-satisfaction.

During this performance two attendants of the Pope held aside broadly on either hand his white and golden robe, as if to display its magnificence. I do not say this was the object; but certainly it would puzzle a Yankee to "guess" out any other. Next in order a young and pedantic-looking German student preached before the Pope—apparently to or before nobody else. But this was well enough, for doubtless the Pope needs preaching to. Besides, the sermon was in Latin, and so might have been lost upon the congregation; perhaps it was lost upon the Pope. The young preacher had memorized his homily, which he delivered with frequent and violent gesticulations. After beginning he stopped and pulled off his cap. I suspected that in his embarrassment he had forgotten it till then; but not long after he clapped it on again. This long Latin discourse being concluded—to the joy of all, especially the Pope, who scarcely kept himself awake during its delivery—the Bishop of Rome in stately miter crowned, read service, and the choir sang. For my own part I was quite satisfied with the display, and hoped it was now exhausted. But my hopes were doomed to dis-

appointment. Two servants now entered—the one bearing a large box of frankincense, the other a censer. The Pope blessed the frankincense, then placed a copious supply in the censer till the clouds filled the Sistine Chapel—concealing the majestic frescoes, and rendering the process of breathing exceedingly difficult. Then the cardinals marched round again, one by one, stately and slow, and received the Pope's benediction—he in an affectionate manner placing both hands on their shoulders, as if to salute the beloved cardinals with a kiss, which, notwithstanding this encouraging promise, he finally withheld. Then having gone to their seats, the censer of incense was carried along in front of the cardinals individually.

During the whole of this routine the Pope's mitre was frequently removed from his head and restored again. The offering of incense being concluded, the choir performed a chant, prolix but well executed; the Pope blessed the people in a very indifferent manner, with two fingers as if tired of all this ceremony, as the congregation evidently were; the soldiers in the mean time, trying to appear very devout, kneeled with a ring of swords and helmets, and laughed freely at their own performance. The large golden cross was then borne in front of the Pope, the tiara was replaced upon his brow, and Pius IX, a little gouty withal, moved from the chapel escorted by a throng of liveried attendants. Among them was one who was not long ago a pervert from Protestantism. He received especial favor, since he belongs to the class which the Pope delights to honor, as the Catholics say, on account of their peculiar worth. After the Pope left the cardinals dispersed, and then the congregation, to meditate upon the contrast between the simplicity of the Apostolic Church and the extravagance of the Roman.

#### OLD AGE AND FAMILY LIKENESSES.

SOUTHEY, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses—which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age—as in infancy—the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

#### DO N'T FRET.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"But human bodies are sic fools  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They make enow themselves to vex them."

BURNS.

IT is surely the duty, as it is the interest, of all to make the most of life. We live but once in this world, and we should crowd as many happy days into our being as possible. Enjoyment is beyond all question the primary design of human existence. We were born to be happy, or our being is without a proper end and aim. Any other view of life arraigns the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, and misinterprets the capacities and susceptibilities of the creature. This granted, no man has the right in justice to himself to be unhappy. Among other things he dare not *fret*, since to do so is to rob himself of the joy and sunshine which belong of right to life. Nothing is more fatal to human enjoyment than the disposition to fret over the ills and disappointments of life, while certainly nothing is more unphilosophical. There is a wholesome truth in the words of the great poet:

"Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remembered."

*Don't fret!* All nature is opposed to fretting. The stars are bright above us and the flowers beautiful beneath us to gladden us with their brightness and beauty. With all the varied appointments of the natural world, and they are manifold, to minister joy and comfort to our being, what else but an ingrate to Heaven is the man who corrodes his life with fretful cares and consuming anxieties! Every flower that blooms, every stream that ripples, every bird that sings, enters its protest and pronounces against the monstrous ingratitude of such a character. And yet thousands, with God's bright, smiling heavens over their heads, pass their days in fretting over the little troubles and annoyances of life. With so many things in the world to yield them enjoyment, and with so little to take away from their happiness, they nevertheless are wretched and miserable from the mere habit of fretting. Every blessing which they receive from the kind Father of all is poisoned by this unhappy, self-consuming tendency of mind.

'T is true that life has its trials and disappointments, but what are these compared to its manifold blessings? And even these are a posi-

tive good to those who have the philosophy to conquer or endure them as the case may be. All true happiness is conditioned on goodness and virtue, and these imply necessarily the conquest of the difficulties in the way of our happiness. But the greatest proportion by far of the unhappiness of the race results from imaginary, unreal evils—evils that exist in the brain and no where else. Literally true of thousands are the words of Burns—

"When nae real ills perplex them,  
They make enow themselves to vex them."

All reason, all philosophy says, *Don't fret*. It is unbecoming in man or woman to do so. If adversities and disappointments come they come in the order of a beneficent Providence, and we should bear them. They spring not from the ground, but have a kindly, heaven-sent mission to us. And if we may not conquer them—and what may not be conquered by a brave spirit and noble action?—we can, at least, endure them. Like the oak of the forest or the flower of the field, we can bend before the storm and be all the stronger and nobler for it. Storms are not the general order of the natural world, they come only ever and anon. So with the real trials of life, they come only now and then, and when they do come we should meet them with patience and philosophy. To sit down and fret in the hour of darkness and trial is to reveal a weak and cowardly spirit; to do so is an absolute reproach to any head or heart. Then is the time for action and heroism; then

"It is godlike to unloose  
The spirit and forget ourselves in thought;  
Bending a pinion for a deeper sky,  
And in the very fetters of our flesh  
Waiting with the pure essences of heaven."

*Don't fret*. It is not only unbecoming in man or woman, but it is utterly useless to do so. Nothing is more unprofitable than fretting. All regrets or pinings over what can not be remedied are as unavailing as they are foolish. Who ever removed one difficulty in the path of life by fretting? Who ever lessened his trouble by pining over and hugging it to his bosom? And yet from the number of fretters in the world, did we not know to the contrary, we might infer there was some remuneration or comfort in it. All experience proves that the only way to triumph over the ills and troubles of life is to meet them in the true spirit of patience and philosophy. In action and endurance lies the secret of the true man's power over all the enemies that assail his happiness. The very afflictions and sorrows of life are transmuted by his noble philosophy into bless-

ings and sources of joy. Goldsmith utters a beautiful and consoling truth when he says:

"The good man suffers but to gain,  
And every virtue springs from pain;  
As aromatic plants bestow  
No spicy fragrance while they grow,  
But crushed or trodden to the ground,  
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."

*Do n't fret*. It is not only unmanly and useless to fret, but it is positively injurious to the soul's wellbeing. Fretting and happiness are antagonistic ideas, the presence of the one always implies the absence of the other. There can be no cheer, no sunshine where there is anxiety and care. Impossible. The light, joyful heart never frets. For it there is too much to enjoy and be thankful for in God's beautiful universe to allow of this. Who, reader, of your friends are the contented and happy? Are they not those who are wont to look on the cheerful side of things and who make the most of life? And who are they whose condition you never think of envying, but those who are ever moping and murmuring over the ills, real or imaginary, of life? Anxious, unreasonable care is the enemy of all happiness. It blinds the soul's vision to the perception of the beautiful and the beneficent which are every-where, and shuts it up to melancholy and gloom. There is no real good in the munificent gifts of nature and providence but that it mars or destroys. Surely the lot of the fretter, however favorable in respect of external possessions, is a sad and unenviable one. Little indeed of the real happiness and rational enjoyment of life does he see. In our heart we pity him. Bright, cheerful spirits, with but little of this world's treasure, are infinitely preferable to any supposable condition in life with a fretful, murmuring disposition.

Then, reader, *do n't fret*. We have seen that it is alike unmanly, useless, and injurious to do so. When things go, as they sometimes will, wrong, work and wait in cheerful patience till they go better. Happiness is your life's chief design; resolve, therefore, that nothing shall thwart that design. Study and practice the philosophy which converts trials into blessings, adversities into joys. Whatever turns up in your personal history in the outside world, recollect that you have no right to be unhappy, and determine, with Heaven's blessing, you will not be. In the language of Proctor, make, as it is thy God-given privilege,

"Thy life  
A gift of use to thee;  
A joy, a good, a golden hope,  
A heavenly argosy."

## CONGLOMERATES.

BY ALICE BROWN NICHOLS, A. B.

IN certain strata of our earth we find scattered here and there in great profusion rough, ragged, and unsightly masses of rock which we call *conglomerates*. These are very wonderful in their formation and appearance, and, despite their harsh, ugly exterior, are often the deposits of things rare and beautiful.

Their great, irregular faces are sometimes completely covered with the impressions of tiny shells, beautiful leaves and flowers, and queer little insects of such delicate workmanship and so faintly traced as to require the aid of magnifying-glasses to discover their perfection. Queer as these conglomerates are, they are objects of real wonder and admiration, and need a deal of study to be perfectly understood as to their nature and formation, as to what stratum they belong to, and in which system of rocks they are to be ranked.

These facts, however, are very easily known when we come to examine the many and variously-beautiful fossils that characterize them, and by these alone, are they at all able to be classified. This classification has come to be a real science, and we find in our seminaries and colleges one department devoted to it. So in the various and wonderful strata of social life, in the great heaving mass of humanity, we find here and there mingled in the several systems some queer specimens, which from their uncouth and knotty appearance, at first seem impossible to be ranked any where, and repel by their very roughness any efforts to a closer communion. Their faces look as hard and stony as if petrification had really performed its strange, silent work, and made them living images of rock.

I have known such persons, and so have you—men and women whose whole lives were wrought out unappreciated and unloved simply because they wrapped themselves up in a mantle of reserve and coldness, and so impenetrable that none but the most persevering dare attempt to get within. And yet if we had only put on the magnifying-glasses of love, and patience, and charity, we should have found their hearts perfect store-houses of treasures—of feelings and sympathies as much tenderer and deeper than those of mere surface beauty, as the shells of limestone conglomerates excel in beauty and delicacy other formations.

Down deep in the souls of such persons we always find an undercurrent of goodness and truth that enriches and softens their whole

nature. They are gentle to innocent childhood, and seem to have an innate reverence for every thing fair and delicate. Their love of God is like that of a child for its father—tender and trustful. And yet we misjudge them, and call them cold. O, we can not tell what manner of men and women we meet till we have studied them long, conning over and over again the mysterious pages of their hearts, and even then we see but dimly.

## IN MEMORIAM.

BY WILLIAM E. ROGERS.

THE sunlight slants across the floor,  
'T is sleeping in the open door  
That thou shalt darken nevermore,  
My father.

The Summer wind goes sorrowing by,  
It wakes the corn-leaves' rustling sigh,  
They ne'er again shall glad thine eye,  
My father.

The birds that knew thy hand so well,  
And caught the bread-crumbs as they fell,  
Now listen long thy voice to tell,  
My father.

The shadows come on evening breeze,  
The crickets sing among the trees,  
And katy-dids that used to please  
My father.

They strive in vain to charm thy ear,  
Too sound in death thy sleep to hear  
The songs that once to thee were dear  
My father.

Thy loved ones linger at the door;  
Wait they in vain, thy race is o'er,  
Thy coming steps are heard no more,  
My father.

Ere yet the leaves all withered lie,  
Or to the earth so sadly fly,  
Ah, first of all thou wert to die,  
My father.

Death claims thee, loved one, for his own,  
His icy arms are round thee thrown,  
Thy well-known lips have silent grown,  
Dear father.

With gentle hands thy bed we've made,  
With many tears thy form have laid  
To rest beneath the greenwood shade,  
Loved father.

Sweet be thy sleep where soft winds play,  
And wild birds trill their sweetest lay  
Through all the lifelong Summer's day,  
Lost father.



## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Saturday.

MARKING THE HOURS WITH LETTERS OF GOLD.—  
"Redeeming the time." Eph. v. 16.

On the first morning of a new year, Gotthold, wishing to know the time of day, looked up to the dial of the church spire, where hands, moved by the mechanism within, indicated the hours upon a broad line of gilded numbers. Led into devout reflection he observed to those around him: I highly approve of marking the hours with letters of gold, it may well admonish us of the value of time, which is indeed too precious to be purchased even with the chief of metals, and of this truth many and all of us need to be reminded. Chrysauros, a man of rank and fortune, had led an ungodly life; when his end drew near he beheld a troop of dreadful demons standing around his bed and waiting for his soul, and exclaimed with a voice of anguish, *O, for time! Only till to-morrow! Spare me till to-morrow!* But his entreaties were vain. For him time was past and the respite terminated. Ah! how much he would have given for even a few hours in which to repent! And yet how seldom we reflect upon the value of time, and how prodigally we spend it! How large the portions of it which we sleep, play, talk, eat, drink, riot away, and, in short, unprofitably waste; and how long we deem the little fragments devoted to spiritual exercises, such as converse with God, the study of his Word, devout contemplation, and the search of conscience! The hand upon the dial moves incessantly round, and, passing hour after hour, will point at last to that at which you and I shall die, and it will be said of us, He has departed this life. We shall then have done with time, have entered upon eternity, and shall stand before the Judge. Let us, therefore, diligently improve every hour, and permit none to pass without yielding us some advantage for the world to come. Let every stroke of the clock remind us that another portion of time is gone, and that we shall have to give account of it to God. "*As we have opportunity [originally, while we have time] let us do good.*"

My God, seal these words upon my heart, and help me to employ the year which is now commencing in a way I may never repent of in eternity.

THE SNOW AND ITS LESSONS.—"*The Lord giveth snow like wool.*" Psalm cxlvii, 16.

There was a deep covering of snow upon the ground when Gotthold thus began: Snow is one of those marvellous things which God brings forth from the treasures of nature, and no satisfactory account has yet been given of the manner of its production, or of the fantastic shapes which its minute particles assume, although

able men have made it the subject of long and careful study, many of them, in fact, till the whiteness of their heads attests how often they have seen it fall. This, however, is certain, that God uses it according to his pleasure, sometimes for the good of man and sometimes to his temporal detriment or even bodily destruction. Cold although it be, it must at His behest serve as a fur to cover and protect the Winter's seed. In this sense the royal prophet says, "*The Lord giveth snow like wool,*" and country people predict a fruitful season when the *White Goose* hatches a numerous brood. Rubbed, too, upon frozen limbs it restores them to warmth and animation. On the other hand, how destructive it becomes when it receives its commission from the Divine Wrath! In mountainous regions, as we sometimes hear, a mere flake, stirred at first by the touch of a bird's wing, or other accidental cause, grows to such a magnitude as it tumbles from the heights, that on reaching the valley it crushes and entombs the abodes of men, and even whole villages and towns. How often, too, do we read of the floods and calamities which ensue in Spring, when the snow of the mountains, suddenly dissolved by the rain or heat, rushes down and swells the brooks and rivers till they overflow their banks!

Lord God, all depends upon thy favor or frown. Thou canst make that which is cold itself a protection from cold, and even a means of generating heat. Baneful things cease to be baneful when overruled by Thy grace. The most useful lose their utility if thou withhold thy good influence, and in thy hand the most minute may become the instrument of a mighty judgment.

THE COST OF AN ESTATE.—"*What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*" Matthew xvi, 26.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding as they passed a fine mansion and through rich fields.

"I do n't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul."

A solemn pause followed this brief answer. The person to whom it was given was not seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The late possessor referred to was the son of a pious man, who supported his family by the labor of his hands. The son early obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He was then a professor of religion. He continued to maintain a reputable profession till he became a partner in the

concern. He then gave increasing attention to business and less to religion. Ere he was an old man he had become exceedingly wealthy and miserly, and no one who knew him had any suspicion that he had ever been a professor of religion. He purchased a large landed estate, built the costly mansion referred to above, and died. Just before he died he said, "My prosperity has been my ruin." Of how many individuals and families may it be said that their "prosperity was their ruin!"

THE BRAZEN SERPENT AND THE EYE WITH WHICH TO LOOK AT IT.—*"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."* John iii, 14.

Dr. Guthrie says: "If Christ is the brazen serpent, faith is the eye to behold him; if Christ speaks, faith is the ear to hear him; if a garment, faith puts him on; if a way, faith walks in him; if the truth, faith is the knowledge of him; if the life, faith lives upon him; if he be a prophet, faith sits at his feet and learns; if a priest, faith relies on his sacrifice; if a king, faith submits to his authority. In a word, it improves the whole and every part of Christ in his natures, offices, relations, and names. Wherever Christ is there would faith be; it follows him as the needle does the lodestone."

THE PLANK OF FREE GRACE.—*"By grace are ye saved."* Ephesians ii, 8.

Mr. McLaren and Mr. Gustart were both ministers of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. When Mr. McLaren was dying Mr. Gustart paid him a visit, and put the question to him, "What are you doing, brother?" His answer was, "I'll tell you what I am doing, brother, I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds, and I am going to throw them all overboard and swim to glory on the plank of free grace."

SINGING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD.—*"Praise ye the Lord."* Psalm cl, 1.

Our readers have, we are sure, sung and re-sung, read and re-read, the 150th Psalm, perhaps for the thousandth time, with new wonder and admiration. It is such a noble burst of divine song! Each verse seems like a trumpet peal, or, more aptly, a thunder peal of praise. It runs through the diapason of celestial and terrestrial music.

"Halleluiah!

Praise God in his sanctuary;  
Praise him in the firmament of his power;  
Praise him for his mighty acts;  
Praise him according to his excellent greatness,  
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet;  
Praise him with the psaltery and harp;  
Praise him with the timbrel and dance;  
Praise him with stringed instruments and organs;  
Praise him upon the loud cymbals;  
Praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals;  
Let every thing that breathes praise Jah;  
Halleluiah!"

Was there ever such a song of praise as this? It sounds like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of many thunderings. Glorious conclusions to the psalms of David! If at the close of the 72d Psalm it was said "the prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended," it may be no less truly added here, "the praises of David, the son of Jesse, are ended."

Through the prophets we find a repetition of the same strains. The New Testament carries on the music, and apostles complete the praise that Old Testament saints began. The last note of praise which the Bible records is that heard at the Lamb's marriage supper—a note full of joy unspeakable:

"Praise our God, all ye his servants!  
Ye that fear him, both small and great,  
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;  
Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him."

THE SOUL REGARDED LESS THAN THE BODY.—*"Therefore take no thought. But seek ye first."* Matthew vi, 31, 33.

We read in Gellius of a soldier who, riding forth to a muster with a horse as lean as if he had been newly raised out of a charnel, and being himself so well habited and full that he might have been a very sufficient burden for a more able beast, was asked by the Censors whence came such a great disproportion between the meagerness of the one and the grossness of the other, to which he answered "that it was because he took care of himself, but his servant took charge of his horse." Most men have languid and infirm souls, while their bodies are in a vigorous habit. And whence is this? Because their souls have no share in their care; they do not mind them as their own proper charge. Their time and diligence are all laid out on their bodies; these are the darlings they pamper, and which engross all their thoughts; or if they expend any in the other way, they soon rescue themselves as from a usurpation and encroachment. But surely souls so weakened and emaciated will not be able to stand the least brunt in the day of battle. Let me have a lean, unhealthy, deformed body; no matter, so I may find my soul sound, strong, and beautiful in the eyes of God.

VOCAL PRAYER MORE ADVANTAGEOUS THAN MENTAL.—*"He prayed, saying."* Matthew xxvi, 39.

Some are so curious as to conjecture that Christ's prayer, which he made after his withdrawal from his disciples, was not merely mental but vocal, inferring it from the manner in which the Evangelists relate it—"He prayed, saying"—which they will have to imply an audible speech and voice. There is some advantage to be observed in prayer which is vocal above what is mental only, although it be all one to God, who hath an ear to hear what the heart prayeth as well as what the mouth uttereth. This advantage consists in the following particulars:

1. By joining a voice to our mental prayer our affections are more awakened and quickened, as we find by experience that a sense of a misery, when cooped up in our own thoughts, does not always burst into tears, which are the language of grief, but yet, when we vent it to others, in our recounting it we can not refrain from weeping.

2. It confines the mind more closely, and keeps it more fixed and intent upon what is spoken.

3. We find sometimes that vehemency of affection forces us to it, for when our devotion is ardent and the fire is kindled within us, it breaks forth into outward expressions, complaints, or tears.

4. I may add, lastly, that we can sometimes better form, or at least draw out in better order, our conceptions of what we pray for in an audible voice.

## Fires and Curries.

IS TEMPORAL DEATH A PART OF THE PENALTY OF ADAM'S TRANSGRESSION, OR ONE OF THE CONSEQUENCES?—I asserted, in a previous number by fair inference, that it was a consequence. The following I intend partially as proof:

1. By the penalty of the law nothing is to be understood as included in it which is merely a consequence of incurring it. The penalty is simply the *wrath*, displeasure, or *curse* of God. "In the day" that Adam ate of the forbidden fruit the curse of God fell upon and severed him, and all that should descend from him, from the source of life, and left them in an utterly ruined, condemned, and helpless condition forever—the penalty in its very nature being eternal—unless the grace and mercy of God should interpose to bring relief. The moment, therefore, that he sinned, the penalty in its true and proper sense overtook him, and he *died*; for such a severance was death in its most appalling form.

2. But Christ has brought and proffers relief, and all who accept the proffer are rescued and restored; those who refuse must have the wrath of God abiding upon them, and for that rejection will be doomed to everlasting fire. Christ brought and proffers relief from the full penalty; but was it relief from corporeal death?

One says, "Christ saved man from immediate temporal death, and does now." Very true. Was that protraction, however, salvation? Adam lived "nine hundred and thirty years; and he died." Certainly "in the day" that Adam ate the interdicted fruit he died. If, in addition to this, his becoming mortal was a part of the penalty, and not a consequence, are not the sorrows of Eve, the toil and sweat of man, the unfruitfulness of the ground, the thorns and thistles also? or are they not consequences of the penalty which, when we would be metaphysically accurate, ought not to be included? If "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is the exegesis of the penalty or a part of it, then they certainly, in my opinion, are. And if they are, then there is no difference between the penalty and the consequences of incurring it. This is absurd.

3. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation" to the righteous, and yet no repentance, tears, or provisions of the Gospel of peace can save the most devout from the pains of dissolution. But they are saved from all "condemnation" of the law, therefore its penalty.

"To die is gain." How can it be both a joy and a curse? And yet to the righteous it must be if a part of the penalty!

That the justified in heaven are not as perfect as they will be when united to their glorified body, is freely admitted; but that they are suffering wrath in any sense is not generally believed. Their imperfection is not of wrath, but of that redeeming mercy which has ordained the separation between the soul and body in order to prepare in the best way the redeemed for their final triumph. It was the most appropriate way of terminating man's probationary state after our

blessed Lord undertook to secure for us a second probation. Herein it stands connected with the remedial scheme as a threatened consequence for our sins and *consequence*, not part of its terrible penalty.

4. The following proof text is introduced to show that in these things we are mistaken: "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

The death spoken of here is as *universal as sin*. It no more admits of exceptions than sin in reference to mankind. And yet corporeal death has exceptions. Enoch and Elijah, and the great multitude who are alive at Christ's second coming, shall never suffer the pains of this dissolution, and yet not one of them in any way escape the death threatened in the penalty, and to which the above passage refers. This death has "passed upon all" of them who have yet lived, and shall pass upon the others when they shall live. They *die* in that sense, though mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ, shall so arrest the curse in their case as to prevent its becoming final. The death then threatened in the law, therefore, neither knows nor can know any exception among all the race of Adam. And yet not one of these persons shall suffer corporeal death. How, then, is it a part of the penalty?

5. More, the penalty in its very nature is eternal, and unless the mercy of God had interposed there would have been no hope. In the case of the finally impenitent no part of the penalty is removed, our opponents being judges; therefore the penalty of the law demands that the finally impenitent should never arise from the dead. Death to them, truly, would be an eternal sleep. For Christ does not unlawfully raise this class; therefore the law makes no such demand. "All shall hear his voice and come forth." "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust"—the condemned and the uncondemned, those under the penalty and those that are not.

6. Though it may be called a "puerile quibble," yet it is common-sense and plain logic that the resurrection is in no sense a salvation from the penalty, since all are raised, and the moral status of the body is not changed thereby; and the wicked are in no sense saved either thereby or in any other way from the penalty. The separation of soul and body, the antithesis of which is the resurrection, is no part of the penalty, but, as above remarked, an appointment or arraignment made in consequence of sin's introduction into the world, and of God's intention to redeem mankind. It pertains not to the covenant of works, but to the mediatorial intervention, and was entered into after the promise of redemption was made, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. All things, all men, and all power were at once committed into the hands of the second Adam, our Mediator, immediately when the first Adam proved unfaithful to his trust; and though he does not deliver the finally impenitent from the penalty, yet he does deliver them from corporeal death by reunion of soul

and body at the resurrection. To say that the results or consequences of the Divine arrangements which followed the introduction of sin into the world, are the threatened penalty of sin, is not to speak with logical precision, nor as the Scriptures themselves speak on the subject; for all that God has done in mercy for the world may thus be brought into the same category, as has been done by N. R. in his last paragraph upon this subject.

D. D. T. M.

**MOTIVES—MORAL QUALITY OF AN ACT.**—J. P. L. replies to my question respecting the moral quality of actions as follows: "The moral quality of an act depends always on the motive or intention of the actor. No act from a good motive is ever punishable. . . . If Saul in persecuting the Christians intended right, he did what was his duty," etc. Let us canvass the logic of J. P. L.'s position. Paul, in persecuting the Christians, "intended right;" therefore it was his "duty" to persecute them. This is fairly the position he assumes. In order to reach the point in dispute this question arises, Was Paul, prior to any intention or action in the premises, equal to his duty as a moral agent. If he was equal to right action in this matter, he was clearly punishable, "intending right" to the contrary notwithstanding. Why? Simply because he acted wrong when he ought to have acted right. If not equal to right action, then to do wrong in his case was a necessity for which he was in no way responsible. The latter, we opine, dare not be assumed by any theologian, since it makes men act wrong from necessity, or, what is worse, makes it their "duty" to do wrong. No necessity can exist in a moral agent for wrong-doing, because he must be in circumstances to know the right in distinction from the wrong, before he can perform the functions of such an agent. If in any given case the right can not be known, there can be no agency, no choice in reference thereto; the right in this case can not be done because it can not be known; hence there can be no responsibility. No one will surely contend that Paul's duty admitted of no other action than that which was had in the case. To do so is to argue that God has made men unequal in their circumstances to their duty and responsibility as moral agents—a position which the apostle himself has overthrown by his masterly reasoning to the Romans on the condition of the Gentile world. Even the Gentiles, who had not the law, and consequently were not amenable to it, he says were nevertheless "without excuse." They were not in their moral conduct answerable to the light which they had, and hence were "without excuse."

If we are reasoning correctly, and we think we are, Paul was responsible alone for his wrong action toward the Christian Church. Even though he "intended right" in what he did, had he done his duty before acting he would have acted otherwise. What more had Simeon or any other member of the Jewish Church, who received Christ, that Saul of Tarsus had not? If with the common Jewish Scriptures, Moses and the prophets, others saw in Christ the salvation of Israel, why might not he? Was he not as accessible to the truth as they? Certainly. But the difficulty was with himself. He was in error, however sincerely, at his own voluntary account, and was, therefore, punishable for his wickedness in persecuting the Christians. He

did it, as he tells us, "ignorantly through unbelief." His ignorance could not have been necessary, much less his unbelief, on a question so directly involving his "duty" and happiness. Could it, my friend, J. P. L.? "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge," says Jehovah. They were not certainly destroyed for the lack of knowledge which they were never in circumstances to enjoy and put to the right practice. Paul lacked the knowledge of Christ when he ought to have been an earnest and active Christian; and had he died lacking it, he would have been destroyed despite all his sincerity and right intentions.

The motive, therefore, does not always determine the moral quality of an act. The apostle, notwithstanding his good motive in persecuting the Christian Church, found himself, on coming to the light, "the chief of sinners." It is certainly very strange that he could do his "duty," and yet at the same time be "the chief of sinners." Very strange, indeed! We commend for analysis to J. P. L. the utterance of David: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I *might not sin* against thee." Is not the possibility of sinning against God here allowed as the result of not knowing his will or truth as revealed in his Word? David made his heart the depository of God's written truth in order to avoid sin against God. Had he not hid God's Word in his heart—not done his duty—might he not have sinned in the absence of any motive to do so? Had Paul done this, which was unquestionably his duty, would he have ever had occasion to reproach himself for having "persecuted the Church of God?"

A man, therefore, may err, as did the Jews, in "not knowing the Scriptures," and yet at the same time "intend right." With even good motives he may perform an act which is wrong and, because wrong, punishable. So I verily believe.

F. S. C.

**A PROPHECY IN JEST.**—The English Notes and Queries publishes the following extract from a burlesque article in The New Monthly Magazine for 1821, entitled, "Specimen of a Prospective Newspaper, A. D. 4796," which, to say the least, is curious:

"The army of the Northern States—of America—will take the field against that of the Southern provinces early next Spring. The principal Northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1,120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty feet square."

A subsequent article in this specimen says that "by means of a new invention Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days." How little did the writer anticipate that in forty years these to him wild fancies would be almost realized! It is worth notice that a war between North and South was anticipated.

**POEM AND AUTHOR WANTED.**—Wanted, remaining verses and authorship of a beautiful poem entitled "The Old Home," of which the first stanza is,

"Under the poplar boughs I stand  
And mourn a broken household band:  
Ye are at rest and I in tears,  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres." I. L. S.



## Birthday for Children.

### BETTER THAN SILVER.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"If I only had a dollar or two to buy Christmas presents with, how rich I should feel!" thought Lottie Leeds. "There is poor little Abby, and Jimmy, and Jane, and all her poor brothers and sisters, and ever so many more that I know of, who will get nothing I am sure. If they have plenty of potatoes and salt for their dinner they will be glad. But though we have plenty of nice food to eat and good clothes to wear, I know my father has to work hard for it, and he can not afford me spending money. I hardly ever feel the want of it, except when holiday times come round and I want to get something for others. I wonder if there is nothing I can do without money," and little Lottie's busy brain went off on a hunting excursion. She ransacked her boxes and drawers with the fingers of her imagination, for the little girl was supposed to be fast asleep in her snug, warm bed, and turned over all her available resources. She seemed content with the inventory and with the pleasant conviction.

"I know I can do something;" turned her rosy cheek on her snow-white pillow and quickly fell asleep.

Mother's cordial consent to her project was given next morning, so she set about it with nimble fingers and a happy heart. All her spare time seemed to be spent over an old-fashioned chest which contained an exhaustless store of bright-hued pieces, left from long-departed garments, odds and ends of old dress-braids and bits of trimming that matched nothing, a perfect store-house of treasures to a child like Lottie, with such a plan in her head, which must be worked off.

Many were her journeys back and forth to the home of lame Lucy, who was famous for her numerous patterns of all manner of fancy articles which usually find their way into country fairs. She entered heartily into all the little girl's plans, and aided her often with her own skillful needle. It brightened many lonesome hours for the poor girl, and made her forget the pain she suffered while she was helping to prepare a pleasure for others. So when one begins to do good, though in ever so humble a way, the influence spreads like the ripples of water you cause when you drop a pebble into the lake.

The day before Christmas her mother gave her leave to try her hand at baking some cup-cakes and tarts for the poor children in whom she felt such an interest. It was by no means her first attempt, for Lottie was quite a skillful little housewife, as every twelve-year-old daughter should be. A nice glass of quince marmalade was set down for her use, and mother sprinkled a tea-cup full of currants into the cake batter just before it was put into the little scalloped tins. How little Lottie's face glowed with pleasure as she looked on the fruits of her labor that evening, as they were ranged along on the nicely-scoured "dresser!" Mother had added a generous donation of sandwiches, which made the little treat complete. There were six little

bags of calico in her room, with six little names pinned on to them, and the contents of each was looked over with fresh satisfaction. You may be sure her slumbers were brightened by pleasant dreams that night, for God blesses those who are kind to his poor.

It was to the house of poor Norah Carrigen she called first that frosty Christmas morning. You might almost have taken her for Santa Claus himself, with her big covered basket, her soft fur tippet, and her bright laughing eyes. She was plainly one of the old gentleman's emissaries at least.

Norah was crouched in a corner beside the fire with her morsel of breakfast on a broken plate, and her poor mother was busy at her ironing-table, for holidays brought no rest for her in that depth of poverty. Mother and child both brightened up when they saw the sunshiny face at the doorway.

"I come to wish you a merry Christmas, Norah," said the cheery voice, "and if this will help make it so I shall be glad," and laying a little bag and a paper parcel in her lap, and putting a kiss on her pale cheek, she was gone again.

With eager wonder the little fingers proceeded to remove the paper covering, and there came to light the snowy biscuit, the big puff-cake, with its dots of currants, and two such tarts as never were seen by those little eyes.

"O, won't we have a feast, mother!" exclaimed the little girl joyfully. "Do put down your iron this minute and eat something now. I know you took very little, so as to save it for me."

Then the little bag was opened and the first thing that came to view was a plump, white rabbit, with red bead eyes, manufactured from a bit of canton flannel, according to lame Lucy's directions. It was really so life-like that the little girl started at first, but quickly understood that the soft little pet was quite harmless.

"It's many of them I've seen," said the mother, "bounding over the downs in my own country. I don't think you ever saw one in your life, Norah, did you, child?"

"No, mother, only in the picture-book Miss Lottie loaned me."

Many were the pleasant remembrances which the mother called up of her early home all unconsciously awakened by that simple gift. They served to beguile the day of a portion of its weariness, and did good like a medicine to the way-worn heart of the mother. Better than silver was that softening and turning back of the heart of one whom poverty was pressing to the earth with its heavy burden.

There was a wonderful dolly, too, among little Norah's "Christmasases," which she prized above all things else. Lottie had seen the lonely child hugging and singing away to a bit of cloth rolled up—calling it her baby, and that suggested to her kind little heart to make her a better one. Lucy had painted on it in water colors a very creditable face, and it wore a

bright crimson dress, which could be taken off and put on, a little straw hat fashioned out of a bit of bonnet-braid, and shining black shoes made of a scrap of morocco. There was a roll of pieces accompanying it, and little Nora took her first lessons in sewing and shaping over that dolly's wardrobe. I doubt if any expensive walking and talking doll, sold that day at the fashionable bazar for some child of wealth, gave half the real enjoyment afforded by that home-made toy.

"I am so glad you have come," said little Josey Reed, as he raised his tired head and answered Lottie's Christmas greeting. "Mother had to go out and I have been all alone, and it is so lonesome and cold too," he added with a shiver. "Do n't you feel cold, Lottie?"

"Not a bit, Josey; and I hope you will feel warmer when you slip on this double gown I have brought you. I used to wear it myself long ago, but it is quite too small now; so mother gave me leave to give it to you. Here are a pair of carpet slippers to go with it. They will keep your feet from the cold floor when you sit up."

"O, may n't I have them all on now, Lottie?" said Josey with childish eagerness. "My feet are so cold, and that lining looks so soft and warm. O, how nice they are!" he added as she complied with his request. "How good it was in you to think of me and bring me such nice presents! Now can't you sing me 'Shining Shore' before you go away?"

Very cheerfully the little girl complied, and after that another and another of the sweet pieces she had learned at the Sabbath school made glad the echoes of that low, dark room.

"I had almost forgotten your scrap-book," she said as she opened her basket to take out Josey's portion of the cakes, tarts, and biscuit. "Here it is, all filled up with little stories, and verses, and pictures I cut out of old papers. I thought it would amuse you as you lie here alone so much of the day."

What light and gladness those simple gifts had brought to the sick boy's home! They kept his heart singing all the day like the chime of Christmas bells.

There was music and dancing too in the little room where the Sparrow family, a full nest of them, lived. The notes and steps were not down in any of the master's books. But they excelled much that is taught in the schools. Little eyes, and hearts, and feet danced for very joy when they saw the treasures that Lottie's big basket had brought them. Every little Sparrow had been remembered, even down to baby Barbara, who made big eyes at the bright-red woolen dress which Lottie's mother said "had been stored away long enough in that attic box, just tempting moths."

If every thrifty housekeeper would only lay up her stores of old clothing this Winter, "where moth and rust doth not corrupt" by giving them to God's poor, how the mountain of suffering in our land would be lowered!

There was a little needle-and-thread case, too, for industrious Jenny, and mother had partially stocked it from her own work-basket. There was a soft, big ball for Johnny, covered with patriotic red, white, and blue, orange-peel-shaped quarters. Suzy was in ecsta-

sies over a brown-cloth elephant, which was a masterpiece of Miss Lucy's handiwork, the ivory tusks of which bore a striking resemblance to chicken-bones. And little Dolly hugged to her bosom a soft white rabbit, which must certainly have been the mate of little Norah's.

So little Lottie distributed as many Christmas gifts, I dare say, as many people of ample means that day, though she had not a penny of spending money; and I do not doubt but they gave as great satisfaction as thousands of richer presents, so easy is it to scatter pleasures in the pathway of those we meet on life's journey. If we have nothing else to give we may all be rich in pleasant words and loving smiles, and O how precious they are to the hearts of life's sorrowing ones!

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee;" and remember "with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

THE LITTLE GIRLS AND THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—Two little girls were sitting together on the door-steps on a Summer's evening. The stars were shining brightly above them, and every thing was cool and quiet at the decline of day.

"Mary," said Julie, taking her little companion's hand, "do you know that God is every-where—in the sky, and the flowers and trees, and in the air?"

Just then a soft little breeze swept over the two sitting close together. They trembled and crept closer together, clasping their little hands, for "was it not God," they whispered.

I went to find them, and there they were, kneeling on the dewy grass, their hands clasped together, and their eyes raised to heaven in silent reverence at the presence of God.

K. R. C.

A CHILD'S COMFORT IN HIS GREAT PROTECTOR.—Fanny Forrester, in one of her letters, says: "One night Edward, who slept in a little room by himself, called out that he was 'afraid,' and would not be comforted. I have never taught my children a prayer to repeat, because I do not like the formality, but I assist them in discovering what they need, and then have them repeat the words after me. So I prayed with little Eddie, kissed him good-night, and left him apparently satisfied. Pretty soon, however, I heard him call out, as though in great distress, 'O Dod!' The poor little fellow had not sufficient acquaintance with language to know what to say next; but this uplifting of the heart evidently relieved him, for in a few minutes after he again called out, 'O Dod!' but in a tone much softened. I stepped to the door but hesitated about entering. In a few minutes he again repeated, 'O Dod!' but in a tone so confiding that I thought I had better go back to my room and leave him with his great Protector. I heard no more of him for some time, when I at last went in and found him on his knees fast asleep."

A BRIGHT THOUGHT.—Our little Ella of three Summers went up to her grandma a few days ago and said, "Where's aunt Dippa's grandma?" She told her that she was dead and buried in the ground. Another auntie sitting by said to Ella, "That's not a bright thought, is it?" She paused a moment, and then with her finger pointed upward, as if comprehending the future state of the righteous, exclaimed, "That's bright!" Z. J. C.

## Hasty Drawings.

**THE CHANGE FROM DEATH TO LIFE.**—The change from death to life is one of vital moment. Reader, have you passed through that change?

Do you ask, In what does this change consist? It is the imparting of life to a soul previously dead, that is dead to all spiritual love of God as reconciled in Christ. There may be all the activity of thought, memory, fancy, imagination, reflection, judgment; nay more, an activity of much that, as regards his fellow-man, is good; the gentle play of friendship's finer feelings, the warm gushing of generous emotion, the softening interchanges of domestic love. We say there may be all these, yet the soul be dead to God, estranged, and at enmity. The essence, then, of spiritual life is *love to God*. The activities of this love are the various manifestations of life. The silent tear of chastened sorrow for sin—it is love's regret that a Father is grieved; the cup of cold water given—it is love's return, its poor return, for mercies received; the patient endurance of wrong—it is love's imitation of the elder brother; the outburst of grateful thanksgiving—it is love's overflow. Yes, the essence of life is *love*. This love is imparted to the soul, and it displaces enmity. God is revealed to the soul as reconciled in Christ. Has such a change passed on you, reader? Are you alive unto God? Does the pulse beat, and are you conscious of it?

**JOY AND SORROW NEARLY ALLIED.**—The transitions from joy to sorrow, and from sorrow to joy, are scarcely less sudden and frequent in children, though more apparent, than in older persons. Here is a good passage from a modern writer upon these transitions:

I saw a painter, who had made the picture of a face smiling, on a sudden, with no more than one dash of his pencil, make it seem to weep. How near are the confines of joy and sorrow, both of which, by the change of a line, may be made to sit on the same countenance! Their nature is much more distant than their abode. In the twinkling of an eye, in the turning of a hand, sadness may jostle out mirth; and deep sighs may be fetched from that breast, whence loud laughter has just made its eruption. Pleasure may die in the same moment that gave it its birth; and a sudden succession of grief may turn its cradle into its grave. The tears, in which an enlarged and vehement passion of joy had run over, may be arrested in the middle of their course, and be made to minister unto grief. In the flight of a minute, or in the beating of a pulse, the dilation of the heart by pleasure may be turned into a contraction of it by sorrow.

**THE POETRY AND THE GOSPEL OF THE BIBLE.**—The relative importance of the poetry of the Bible to its worth as an evangel is well expressed in an anecdote of Daniel Webster:

At the dinner-table of the Revere House, in Boston, and several friends around the board, a remark was made by one respecting the poetry of the Old Testament. Mr. Webster immediately remarked, "Ah, my friend, the poetry of Isaiah, and Job, and Habakkuk is beautiful indeed, but when you reach your sixty-ninth year, you will give more for the fourteenth or seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, or for one of the Epistles, than for all the poetry of the Bible."

**BE SOMEBODY BEFORE YOU GET MARRIED.**—There may not be much poetry or imagination in the following. Indeed, it is decidedly unpoetic. But is there not philosophy in it? And if so, has it not two sides? May we not say to young ladies, *be somebody*, and then

you will be likely to get *somebody*? But to our paragraph:

Dr. Livingston is reported to have used to a young man the following "short and easy" argument against the marriages sometimes formed by students while in the seminary, and even in the college. "When you are nobody, you marry nobody; when you get to be somebody, you have got *nobody*." And a certain learned professor, in a book recently published, speaks in allusion to the same practice as follows: "Many of them [the students in theology] deem the irksome season of probation an admirable time for securing that best of earthly blessings—a good wife; and thus a business in which the wisest man is apt to play the fool, they contrive to dispatch, at the period when every faculty, every affection of their being should be engrossed by the one great object which has received their consecration." Comment is unnecessary.

**THE CHASTENING OF THE LORD.**—The following beautiful and instructive lines are from the pen of the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, late Governor-General of India, and brother to Lord Glenelg:

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest."—*Psaln xcix*, 12.

O, Savior! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,  
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,  
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,  
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,  
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy—  
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,  
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, and a worm was below;  
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;  
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;  
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,  
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;  
And still did this eager and credulous heart  
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven  
Would be bright as the Summer, and glad as the morn;  
Thou show'dst me the path, it was dark and uneven,  
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;  
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;  
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown;  
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will,  
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;  
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,  
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,  
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;  
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;  
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

**BEARCROFT AND VANSITTART.**—The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the *sittart* and call you *Van* for the future." "With all my heart," said he: "by the same rule I shall drop *croft* and call you *Bear*."

**ST. XAVIER'S SERMON.**—In a life of St. Francis Xavier, written by an Italian monk, it is said "that by one sermon he converted ten thousand persons in a desert island!"

## Library, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH STATISTICS.**—The statistics of the Church, as gathered from the General Minutes, show the following result of the condition of the Church for the last year:

CONFERENCES.	NO. IN SOCIETY.		Increase.	Decrease.	Deaths.
	1862.	1863.			
Baltimore.....	21,263	42,328	.....	21,065	270
Black River.....	22,475	21,091	784	.....	318
California.....	4,501	5,939	562	.....	43
Central Illinois.....	18,273	18,465	192	.....	282
Central Ohio.....	16,607	17,383	716	.....	315
Cincinnati.....	30,297	33,298	3,001	474	.....
Detroit.....	15,994	15,972	222	.....	270
East Baltimore.....	38,991	37,869	878	481	.....
East Genesee.....	22,334	22,334	1,741	300	.....
East Maine.....	10,431	11,205	774	145	.....
Erie.....	28,209	29,011	802	370	.....
Genesee.....	9,029	9,448	419	137	.....
German Mission.....	3,375	2,181	1,194	36	.....
Illinois.....	29,284	29,510	226	470	.....
Indiana.....	24,236	24,839	603	462	.....
Iowa.....	16,971	16,271	700	290	.....
Kansas.....	5,993	5,117	676	98	.....
Kentucky.....	2,271	2,799	528	37	.....
Liberia Mission.....	1,369	1,369	.....	161	179
Michigan.....	15,313	15,772	459	252	.....
Minnesota.....	7,292	6,825	467	94	.....
Missouri and Arkansas.....	4,371	2,141	2,230	62	.....
Nebraska.....	1,613	1,695	82	21	.....
Newark.....	22,834	23,363	469	267	.....
New England.....	19,338	19,154	184	245	.....
New Hampshire.....	12,231	11,439	801	176	.....
New Jersey.....	25,514	25,318	196	300	.....
New York.....	37,771	37,089	82	464	.....
New York East.....	30,781	30,335	416	407	.....
North Indiana.....	26,686	26,199	487	471	.....
North Ohio.....	18,340	18,835	495	285	.....
N. W. Indiana.....	19,239	16,684	2,555	300	.....
N. W. Wisconsin.....	2,491	2,249	242	40	.....
Ohio.....	32,338	31,739	598	404	.....
Oneida.....	20,145	19,710	435	270	.....
Oregon.....	2,753	2,797	44	34	.....
Philadelphia.....	59,429	59,727	298	639	.....
Pittsburg.....	42,432	43,404	972	543	.....
Providence.....	15,851	15,564	287	252	.....
Rock River.....	21,836	20,903	933	328	.....
Rocky Mountain.....	287	.....	.....	3	.....
S. E. Indiana.....	21,264	21,559	296	397	.....
Southern Illinois.....	19,097	21,844	2,747	372	.....
Troy.....	26,093	26,537	444	352	.....
Upper Iowa.....	14,345	14,425	80	249	.....
Vermont.....	14,329	15,012	1,313	271	.....
Western Iowa.....	6,738	6,693	195	143	.....
Western Virginia.....	14,331	16,620	2,229	119	.....
West Wisconsin.....	7,503	7,779	276	106	.....
Wisconsin.....	11,801	11,097	704	177	.....
Wyoming.....	16,526	16,079	447	188	.....
Total.....	923,394	942,906	.....	13,269	.....

The total decrease for 1863 appears from the above table to be 19,512; but the diminution in the Baltimore Conference alone exceeds this sum. This is accounted for by the fact that most of its territory is within the rebel lines, and sent no returns to the Conference. With the exception of this Conference there is a small total increase, though the Cincinnati, Southern Illinois, and Western Virginia Conferences report a large falling off.

**MISSIONS IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—The yearly income of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was, for the past year, \$397,079.71, and the expenditures \$403,264.66. The vote was unanimous to raise \$500,000 the ensuing year

The number of persons entering upon the missionary work for the first time during the year is 23. The Board will hold its next anniversary in Worcester, Massachusetts.

**PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS, 1864.**—The Conferences which hold their sessions prior to the next General Conference will be visited by the Bishops in the following order:

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
Kentucky.....	Augusta.....	Feb. 25	Simpson.
Baltimore.....	Washington, D. C....	March 2	Scott.
East Baltimore.....	Altoona.....	" 2	James.
New Jersey.....	Bridgeton.....	" 2	Simpson.
Missouri and Ark.....	Jefferson City.....	" 2	Baker.
Philadelphia.....	Wilmington, Del....	" 9	Ames.
Kansas.....	Leavenworth.....	" 10	Baker.
Newark.....	Pateron.....	" 16	Simpson.
Pittsburg.....	Barnesville, Ohio...	" 16	Scott.
Western Virginia.....	Parkersburg.....	" 16	Morris.
Providence.....	New London, Conn....	" 23	Ames.
Wyoming.....	Waverly, N. Y.....	" 23	James.
Nebraska.....	Omaha City.....	" 24	Baker.
New England.....	Chelsea.....	" 20	Ames.
Troy.....	Amsterdam.....	" 30	Simpson.
New Hampshire.....	Lebanon.....	April 6	James.
Oneida.....	Norwich.....	" 6	Scott.
North Indiana.....	Knightstown.....	" 6	Morris.
New York.....	Newburg.....	" 13	Ames.
New York East.....	Hartford.....	" 13	Simpson.
Black River.....	Adams.....	" 13	Baker.
Vermont.....	St. Johnsbury.....	" 13	James.
Maine.....	Wesley Ch., Bath....	" 14	Scott.

**MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The following appropriations were made at the last meeting of the Missionary Board, in New York:

FOREIGN MISSIONS.	
India.....	\$72,103 50
Bulgaria.....	10,023 39
Liberia.....	13,355 00
China.....	29,694 00
Foreign German.....	28,363 50
Scandinavia.....	32,019 75
South America.....	16,775 00
Total amount for Foreign Missions.....	\$202,934 14
DOMESTIC MISSIONS.	
German Domestic.....	\$41,000 00
Foreign Populations other than German.....	11,250 00
Indian Missions.....	3,400 00
American Domestic.....	101,600 00
Missions in Southern Territory.....	35,000 00
Total for Domestic Work.....	\$192,250 00
Contingent Fund.....	\$10,000 00
Incidental Expenses.....	10,000 00
Office Expenses.....	10,000 00 \$30,000 00
Total Appropriations.....	\$425,184 14

The amount already realized by our Missionary Society during the current missionary year, ten months of which have already expired, is \$402,000, which is, we believe, \$10,000 in advance of any sum raised in any year by any benevolent organization in the United States. During the two months yet to come the amount will be swelled pretty certainly to \$420,000, perhaps to \$425,000.

**NEW COD FISHERY ON THE ASIATIC COAST.**—We noticed a few days since the arrival of the brig Timandra, from Petropaulovski, with a small cargo of codfish,



the first ever received at this port from the Asiatic coast. The importance of the success of this first venture is much greater than at first sight appears, and prompts us to give it further notice. The fish brought by the *Timandra* are said by competent judges to be of the same species as are caught upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and their appearance and flavor are said to be all that could be desired by those who use them. From Captain Turner we learn that the fish were caught by the crew of the *Timandra* in the Gulf of Tartary, off the coast of Shanghai, the fishing ground extending from one to thirteen miles off shore. The fish are of medium and small size, and are at present what are termed by fishermen as "green fish"—better known in New York as "pickerel." We are told that as their condition is unsuitable for transportation to the interior, and the quantity is unusual for consumption at this port, they will have to be dried before becoming salable even here. Captain Turner, in case the present adventure does well, intends returning next season and catching a full cargo. The total consumption of codfish in California, Nevada, and Oregon is between 400 and 500 tons a year. Most of the fish arrive in this port in a somewhat damaged condition. It is to be hoped that these fish will prove all that is claimed, and a fishery for them be inaugurated from this port, thus making a business for a portion of our shipping, a market for our salt, provisions, stores, etc., and last, not least, a nucleus of a nursery for American seamen on the Pacific coast, which is greatly needed by California. In addition to our own consumption there will, doubtless, spring up a foreign demand, and as a consequence employment of many vessels in the business. Considering that fishing vessels and their crews take all their stores from the port from which they sail, and bring back the result of their voyages to be sold at the same places, the fisheries, even if on foreign shores, may be justly termed a branch of domestic industry—as much so as any existing entirely on land. To catch the quantity used yearly in this State will require the use of five vessels of 120 to 130 tons register.—*San Francisco Bulletin*, Sept. 24.

**ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.**—Dr. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, has recently died. He is well known for his liberal views, and for his *Treatise on Logic and Rhetoric*, originally written for the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, but subsequently published separately. They are used as text-books in nearly all the high schools and colleges in this country, and to a great extent in England. The Archbishop was born in London in 1787, graduated at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1808, of which he became a fellow in 1811. He was successively rector of Halesworth, Suffolk, Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Professor of Political Economy, Oxford, Archbishop of Dublin, and Bishop of Glendalagh. With his archiepiscopal see was, since 1846, united the Bishopric of Kildare. He did not confine himself to scholastic and ecclesiastical duties, but took an active part in the national system of education in Ireland. He was appointed Archbishop under the ministry of Earl Grey, in 1831, and went to Ireland determined to be a blessing to it. He formed the first model of the school books so generally used in the national schools of Ireland, and so extensively imitated

in other countries. He was one of the commissioners of national education in Ireland, and overcame the difficulties growing out of sectarian feeling in the establishment of a general system of education and training for the young, and was the means of creating the Chairs of Political Economy in the Universities of Dublin and Oxford. He rose above the prejudices of his Church to be the advocate of Catholic emancipation. The Low Church party has lost in him one of its strongest champions, and the age one of its best men and ablest writers.

**DEATH OF MRS. TROLLOPE.**—Mrs. Trollope, the celebrated novelist, whose death is announced simultaneously with that of the Archbishop of Dublin, was born in England in the same year—1787—as that reverend prelate. In 1829 she visited America, and after three years' residence in the United States, she published her "*Domestic Manners of the Americans*," which formed her first introduction to the reading public. She resided for some time in Cincinnati, and originated an enterprise similar to the bazars of the European cities, which utterly failed. The building which she erected is still standing, and is now used as a hospital for soldiers. Mrs. Trollope composed a large list of works, but the volume here mentioned is the best known of her writings. Her son, Anthony Trollope, is an author also well known in America.

**ANTIMONY IN CANADA.**—The *Quebec Gazette* says that a mine of antimony has recently been discovered in South Ham, and that the Messrs. Russel, of Quebec, have commenced operations to open and work the mine. Antimony is used in alloys, such as Britannia metal, type metal, pewter, etc., and medicinally as tartar emetic, ammoniac acid, and other preparations. It has hitherto been obtained from Borneo and the far-off Eastern lands. Canada promises to become famous for its minerals.

**ICELAND.**—This island, which has a population of about seventy thousand, is under the Government of Denmark. The language spoken in Iceland is the old Scandinavian, closely akin to the Saxon, with no admixture of Greek or Latin roots. It has, singularly enough, a literature nine hundred years old. There are four presses on the island and four newspapers. About sixty volumes are issued in a year. There are colleges and academies of medicine there, and common schools. But most of the education is domestic in its character. The fathers teach the children so effectually that a young Iceland boy or girl of eight years old can not be found unable to read and write. Wandering minstrels, like those of the old time in Scotland and Germany, are still to be found traversing the country, and dropping in on families happy to receive them, who gladly give them a night's supper and lodging in exchange for their lay. The Icelandic Church is Lutheran. There are one hundred and ninety-nine churches on the island, with two hundred and eighty clergymen.

**PETROLEUM FIELDS IN RUSSIA.**—A district has been discovered in Russia of similar formation to that of the oil-producing region of Pennsylvania and other parts of America. An American who has been raising the Russian fleet at Sebastopol, has obtained a grant of 50,000 acres upon which to carry on his explorations.

## J u v e n i l e L i t e r a t u r e .

(1) *DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN; or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected and Arranged by Rev. Nelson Reid.* 12mo. 782 pp. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The selections in this volume are from such old divines as Leighton, Flavel, Chrysostom, Augustine, Jeremy Taylor, Howe, Baxter, etc. This is sufficient to indicate its general character.

(2) *A FRENCH READING-BOOK, Containing Selections from the best French Writers.* By Wm. L. Knapp, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages in Madison University. 12mo. 480 pp. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(3) *THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a German Physician.* By Robert Bulwer Lytton—"Owen Meredith." New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1863. 12mo. 301 pp. \$1.

(4) *ILLUSTRATIVE GATHERINGS.* By Rev. G. S. Bowes, B. A. 12mo. 504 pp. \$1.50. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins.—This is a manual of anecdotes, facts, figures, proverbs, quotations, etc., adapted to Christian teaching, and designed as an aid to preachers and teachers. This is a reprint from the third London edition. The best compliment we can pay the work is to say that it is our purpose to lay it under frequent contribution for our "Scripture Cabinet."

(5) *A CATECHISM OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.* By John Bourne, C. E. New and Revised Edition. 12mo. 419 pp. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This elaborate and thoroughly-scientific work illustrates the various applications of steam to mines, mills, navigation, railways, and agriculture; and has also practical instructions for the manufacture and management of engines of every class. The work is sufficiently illustrated for its purpose.

(6) *APPLETON'S UNITED STATES POSTAL GUIDE* is a convenient directory for a business man, containing a complete list of post-offices, and costing only 25 cents.

(7) *HARRY'S VOCATION; or, Philosophy at Home.* By William C. Richards, A. M. Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—From a glance at the table of contents we think this volume would be a pleasing and useful companion for lads and misses from the ages of twelve to eighteen. It is well illustrated, and makes a volume of four hundred pages.

(8) *THE PET BIRD, AND OTHER STORIES.* By "Cousin Alice."

(9) *AT HOME AND ABROAD; or, How to Behave.* By Mrs. Manners.

(10) *PLEASURE AND PROFIT; or, Lessons on the Lord's Prayer in a Series of Stories.* By Mrs. Manners.

These are three juvenile works—square 18mo of 137,

165, 136 pages—illustrated—from the same publishers. They are gotten up in attractive style.

(11) *LIFE IN THE WOODS; or, the Adventures of Audubon.* By B. K. Pierce.

(12) *BIBLE CLASS IN THE PARSONAGE. A Story for Senior Scholars who wish to Understand the Word of God.* By Una Locke.

(13) *THE SPARROW'S FALL; or, Under the Willow and Other Stories.* By Caroline Cheseboro.

(14) *BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE; or, Pictures of Some of Miss Haydon's Girls.* By Caroline Cheseboro.

(15) *THE LITTLE SEA-BIRD.*

(16) *THE TRIP TO WELDON WOODS; or, Under the Microscope.*

(17) *THE WIDOW'S SEWING-MACHINE; or, what a Helping Hand did for a Poor Family.* By Mrs. N. M. Conaughy.

(18) *AMY'S NEW HOME, and other Stories for Boys and Girls.*

(19) *THE YOUNG QUAKER; or, Circumstances Alter Cases—a Narrative of Real Events.* By a Clergyman.

The foregoing are a series of 18mo Sunday school books, just issued by Carlton & Porter.

(20) *CONFERENCE MINUTES.*—1. *Cincinnati Conference*—Bishop Baker, President; Rev. W. H. Sutherland, Secretary. 2. *Ohio Conference*—Bishop Baker, President; J. M. Trimble, D. D., Secretary. 3. *Upper Iowa Conference*—Bishop Ames, President; Rev. R. W. Keeler, Secretary. 4. *The California Conference*—Bishop Janes, President; Rev. J. B. Hill, Secretary. 5. *Central Ohio Conference*—Bishop Simpson, President; Rev. W. G. Williams, Secretary.

(21) *PAMPHLETS.*—1. *Chicago Ladies' Home Mission*—Ninth Annual Report. 2. *Something About Coins.* By E. J. Barra, San Francisco, California. 3. *Man's Gift to God. A Discourse.* By Rev. Adolphe Monad. Carlton & Porter, New York.

(22) *CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA. Parts 66 and 67.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

(23) *GENESEE COLLEGE AND SEMINARY.*—The Catalogue of these institutions show 109 students in attendance in the former, and 589 in the latter. Ladies and gentlemen have equal privileges in the entire course. Dr. J. M. Reid is President of the College, and Professor Wm. Wells, Principal of the Seminary.

(24) *TEMPTATION AND TRIUMPH, with other Stories.* By Virginia F. Townsend. 12mo. 389 pp. \$1.25. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This volume comprises a series of moral tales and narrations, written in a style that can not fail to be attractive to the young. Miss Townsend is well known as a contributor to the Repository, and also as co-editor with T. S. Arthur, of the Home Magazine.

## Editor's Table.

**THE OPENING YEAR.**—We are standing, dear reader, upon the threshold of a new year. What that year shall bring forth to us does not yet appear. We are like pilgrims standing upon the frontier of a new, untraveled, and unknown region, but across which we must at least attempt to pass. Once before we stood in the same position, and the words we spoke then will bear repeating now. It has been well said that pilgrims through time, unlike pilgrims through space, must of necessity be ignorant of the region before them. We have no map of the future to consult; no report of previous explorers to study; and can climb no "mount of vision" which commands the prospect of our future path. What sights we shall see, what perils and difficulties we shall encounter, or how near we are to the dark river which flows through all the region, crossing the very path we must travel, and from which we may not turn back, are things which no glance of thought can ascertain and which no prophet is permitted to foretell. Shall we then start back with alarm? shall we tremble with fear? Nay, if we are the children of God, and living for the great purpose of glorifying him, we may take to ourselves that gracious promise, which shall be our "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night"—"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest?" A promise like this, having relation to manifestations of mercy, which are not merely circumstantial or temporary, shall retain its force in every age and prove applicable to God's people every-where. "The promise given to Joshua was also meant for Paul; the promise meant for Moses was also meant for us. There it is on the page waiting for appropriation. It is as surely ours as if, like the message to the shepherds at Bethlehem, it came to us, with stroke of light and rush of mystic music, straight from the eternal throne." Let us then, dear reader, march boldly along the sacred line of duty—not doubting but the Divine "presence shall go with us and give us peace."

This may be a solemn, but to us at least it is not a sad introduction to the greeting of "a happy new year" which we would send to all our readers.

**THE ENGRAVINGS FOR THE NUMBER** have more than usual of the patriotic type. "The Signers" calls us back to the days when the republic was founded, and to the men who laid its foundations. The genius of liberty, with the old flag "still waving" above her head, and the symbols of crushed treason and the broken manacles of slavery beneath her feet, are expressive of the present and prophetic of the future.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The following articles are respectfully declined: Missing; Columbia; Filial Affection; My Childhood's Home; To my Sister —; The Fall of Snow; May; The Wicked Poet; Who'll Love Me when my Hair is Gray? The Young Soldier's Mother; Vashti; Trial and Triumph; Hours of Affliction; The Pearl-drop of Peace; Two Days Spent in Serving God; Soliloquy of One in Sorrow; Whom the

Lord Loveth he Chasteneth; In Memoriam; Night; Battle of Stone River. "God Manifest in Nature" has many good thoughts, but lacks polish and precision. "Love and Fame" is written with considerable ability, but the plot is too artificial, and the principal characters attitudinize too much.

**FRIENDLY NOTES AND NO ANSWERS.**—We should be glad to respond to each of the kind notes coming to us from our friends—yes, *our* friends, though, in most cases, we have never seen the writers. But such response is impracticable. We can give only a general response, and assure those kind friends that their favors are gratefully received, and that it cheers us to know that here and there we have written a word that has proved useful to them in the conflict of life—especially in the Christian life. Here is a note of that description, which reaches back to what we had long since forgotten. It may serve a useful purpose to our readers, suggesting benefits from reading which had not occurred to them:

In December, 1854, the month and year in which I was born again, the Repository came to our home as usual, a welcome visitor. In a very short time after my conversion I took up that number one evening for perusal, and came to the article entitled, "The twofold work of Salvation; or, Justification and Sanctification." I read it and saw for the first time my need of purity of heart. Notwithstanding I had received the fullest evidence of sins forgiven, the Holy Spirit enlightened my mind while reading that article in such a measure as enabled me to engage at once in seeking earnestly the blessing of holiness. And the Lord, who is ever faithful to his precious promises, bestowed it upon me in the day that I sought it with my whole heart. All praise to his worthy name! Since that sacred period my soul has often been cheered while reading the rich Bible truths contained in the Scripture Cabinet. I have sometimes thought my gracious Father designed a part of it for my spiritual benefit.

**"HIGHLAND LIGHT."**—Our ascription of this poem to Whittier in our November number was upon the authority of the Living Age, and there was such strong internal evidence of its being his that we never stopped to call in question the statement. The following note from D. Williams, Esq., City Clerk of Charlestown, claims its paternity for another, whose excellent prose article on Highland Light in the same number of the Repository will be remembered by our readers. We give the note of Mr. Williams:

In perusing the November number of your magazine, I observed a little poem entitled "Highland Light," which you ascribe to that noble poet, John G. Whittier, though omitted from his published works. In ascribing it to Mr. Whittier, however, you were in error. The author of the poem in question is Rev. B. F. De Costa, an Episcopal clergyman, formerly a resident of this city, but now of Boston. It was originally published in one of the local papers of this city; namely, "The City Advertiser." I have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with the author, and he submitted the poem to my perusal while it was yet only in manuscript. No higher compliment could be paid to the poem than was done by you in ascribing to it so noble a parentage. Mr. De Costa is a lover of Cape Cod and its associations and characteristics; and I believe his pen has furnished articles relating thereto which have been widely read, copied, and admired.

**DEATH OF DR. KENNADAY.**—This eminent minister died of apoplexy at his home in Brooklyn, November 14, 1863, in the sixty-third year of his age and the forty-first of his ministry. Dr. Kennaday for many years enjoyed great popularity as a pulpit and platform speaker, and few men have filled a range of more important appointments.

**JESUS THE RESURRECTION** is the theme of a funeral discourse by Rev. A. S. Hunt, occasioned by the death of Mrs. Mary E. Foss, wife of Rev. C. D. Foss. This beautiful and touching discourse has awakened in our mind tender recollections of the earlier years of our ministry, when in Salisbury station of the New York Conference, the family of the deceased—Bradley—a family honored in Methodism—formed a part of our flock. Its members, some of whom have since crossed over the river of death, still live in our hearts, and will continue to do so till we meet them in the blessed land. We call back the vision of Mary, then a girl of eight or ten years, as we saw her a weeping penitent at the altar. She afterward grew up to be a noble Christian woman and the wife of a Methodist preacher. She died early—too early, it seems to us short-sighted mortals, but

"The less of this cold world, the more of heaven."

**ENDOWMENT OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.**—President Merrick is devising and prosecuting a plan for the munificent endowment of this institution. *Two hundred thousand dollars* is not too much to call for. The great State of Ohio, and the powerful Church organization of Methodism in the State can not do a nobler work than now to endow this University as it ought to be endowed. We wish we could speak into the souls of wealthy Methodists who are making their tens of thousands yearly. We would beg them, instead of heaping up riches to curse and ruin their children, to contribute to this enterprise. Dr. Trimble has set the ball in motion with a subscription of \$1,000. While other thousand-dollar subscriptions are coming in, where is the man who will endow a professorship by the donation of \$20,000?

But we are reminded that other institutions, in other States, have equal needs and equal claims in their respective States. What better time for liquidating debts and securing endowments can ever be expected? Let the friends of our educational institutions awake to the subject and avail themselves of the auspicious moment. We have been expecting to hear the report of a similar movement on the part of the Indiana Asbury University—the twin-sister of the Ohio Wesleyan. But Indiana—God bless the glorious State!—seems too entirely swallowed up in her own sterling patriotism to undertake any other work till this wicked rebellion is put down.

**THE CHURCH MARCHING SOUTHWARD.**—The appropriation of \$35,000 during the current year by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the reoccupation of the South, opens a new era in the operations of that organization. As early as 1862, in the June number of the Repository, we showed that this great work was looming up in all its gigantic proportions before us; and that the very hope of the rescue of the South from the utter barbarism into which it had fallen was in the infusion of

a purer, a liberty-loving Christianity. We indicated the magnitude of the work. It was such as almost to stagger faith in the possibility of finding resources and men equal to the work. Since then God has been supplying both in a wonderful manner. And now the Missionary Board, by a unanimous vote as we are informed, have taken the decisive initial. No appropriation made at its annual meeting thrilled the heart of the Church more deeply than that—it is the beginning of a great work. In June of 1862 we said: "We propound this subject to the Church as one of vast magnitude, and one also which demands early consideration." Others propounded the same question. Thank God, the response has come. The field is open. The work is before us.

We understand the matter of establishing missions at Nashville, Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Norfolk, Newbern, Beaufort and vicinity, is now in the hands of the Bishops. The men, we know, are ready to go—men who have had an experience in our military operations in the South, and have acquired an acquaintance that eminently fits them for the work. To delay till the rebel power is broken and the treason-polluted and blood-stained Southern Methodist Church reoccupies its old fields and reorganizes its ranks with men stealing home from the rebel armies, and whose black treason is scarcely covered by the hypocritical garb of loyal profession, would be a fatal mistake. It would be very much like delaying an election in a border State to give time for guerrillas, paroled rebel prisoners, and furloughed rebel soldiers an opportunity to come home to vote. The true policy is to be upon the ground while society is in its chaotic state, and by the establishment of a Church, loyal to the Government and loyal to the ancient spirit of Methodism, to draw the distinct and sharp lines between loyalty and treason; between a loyalty which beats truly in every heart-throb and a *profession* of loyalty, whose thin crust serves only to cover emptiness, if not utter rottenness.

We have said this much in most hearty indorsement of the action of the Missionary Board. Whether that action means all we have indicated, we do not now stop to inquire. We know that its policy can not be carried out faithfully without coming to this very result. Our Bishops, we are sure, will not slumber over an enterprise of such magnitude and pressing moment. We have no doubt that if at all practicable the movement will be inaugurated before even this shall reach our subscribers.

There is another consideration of peculiar interest connected with this subject. We have now in our Discipline a distinct and emphatic condemnation of slavery on the broad basis of moral principle. The antislavery position of the Church can no longer be mistaken. All that enter her communion, whether North or South, must now enter it with a full understanding upon that point. If any thing more is needed, by way of safeguard and perpetual settlement of the case, we presume there will be little objection to inserting the word "holding" in the celebrated General Rule on the subject of slavery. Nearly all really-loyal men have come to recognize the present terrible war as a death struggle between the accursed system and our National Government. One or the other must die.





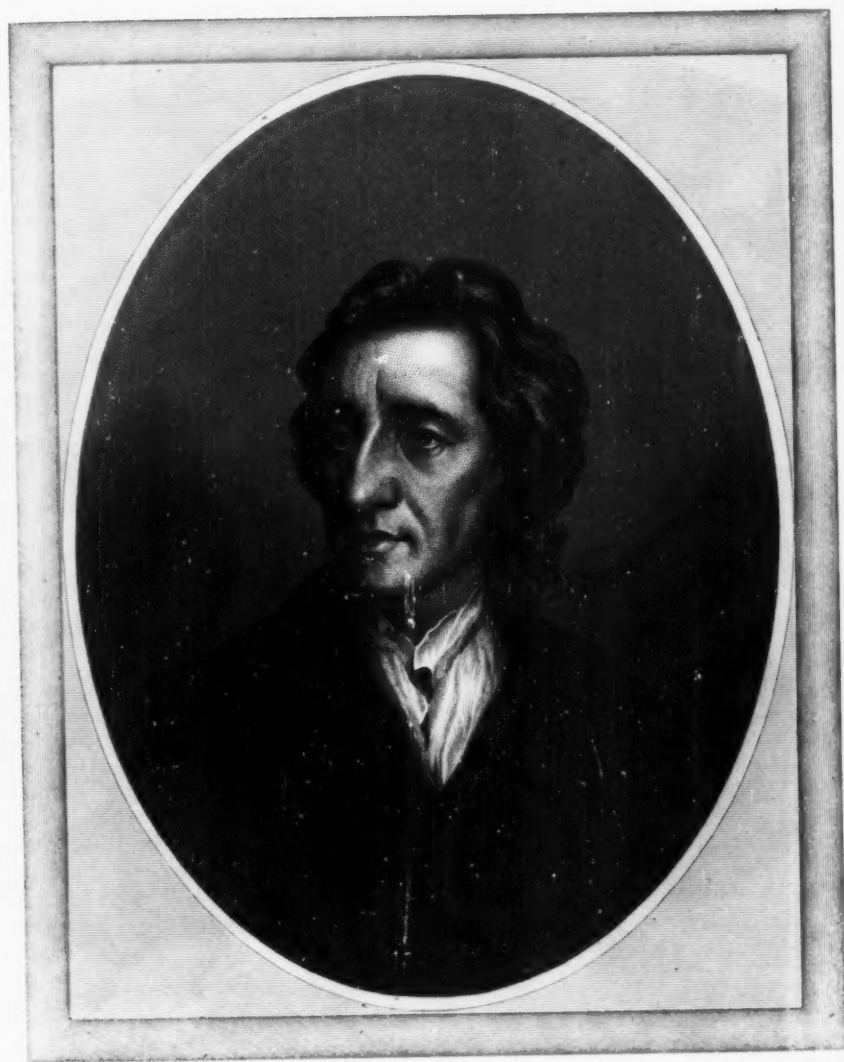


THE END OF THE WORLD









W. H. H. H. H.

1785